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PENTHOUSE WORLD MEDIA, LLC

Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

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FROM THE EDITOR

WHEN we blew party poppers as we stepped into 2021, no one thought for a second that it could be worse than 2020. Oh, how wrong we all were—2021 has been a bit of a bummer, to put it mildly.

Here's the good news: We can now throw ourselves into party season to drown our sorrows and celebrate the end of a truly less than excellent year!

Here's to Thanksgiving and Christmas 2021.

And here's to a brand-new year that may actually be an improvement on the last couple.

We all deserve a hot, sexy and successful 2022!

But before you pour yourself a cocktail and pack your schedule with party time, kick back and enjoy the mag because this one's a cracker.

Our Penthouse Pets this issue are Hanna Carter (page 88) and Amber Marie (page 112). In Social Premier, you'll find Inès Trocchia (page 50), and our Cyber Cutie is Alina (page 32). Plus, we've got a scorching line-up of the most stunning women from the Summer Olympic Games in Tokyo because, yes, we know why you were really watching! Check out the top talent on page 24.

We've also got a fascinating feature on the Japanese art of shibari (page 26), which is often known as bondage. But there's more to shibari than kink, as you'll soon find out.

If you're looking to whiz into Thanksgiving and the festive season in the most luxurious Lamborghini, turn to page 42 right now. This car is HOT!

And our style section (page 47) will show you how to switch up your swimwear and make your style statements strong.

There's lots to enjoy—so, let's get started!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

MANYVIDS
FT. Kat Dior

DEBRIEF

‘THE PILL’ FOR MEN, DELIVERING TO OUTER SPACE AND CHINA OFFERS AWARD FOR ‘MOST BEAUTIFUL’ SPERM

CREDIT: ISTOCK / TANYAJOY

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WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

BILL GATES IS FUNDING A MALE CONTRACEPTION PILL

THERE'S been a lot of talk about male contraception drugs over the years, but beyond condoms and vasectomies, there haven't been any breakthroughs—until now.

The eponymous foundation managed by tech titan Bill Gates and his now ex-wife, Melinda, is donating a whopping $1.4 million over the next two years to scientists at Scotland's University of Dundee in the name of developing the world's first contraceptive drug for men.

"There has been no significant change in the field of male contraception since the development of the condom," said Chris Barratt, Professor of Reproductive Medicine at the university.

"This means that much of the burden of protecting against unwanted pregnancies continues to fall upon women."

He added: "By the end of this two-year period, we would like to have identified a high-quality compound that we can progress to the first stages of drug development. That would be a significant step forward for the field and could potentially be the key that unlocks a new era in male contraception."

The scientists have already developed a system that is able to track the precise movements of human sperm, meaning they are able to assess the effect different drugs have on the swimmers.

Bill Gates

CREDIT: ISTOCK / TANYAJOY. INSET PHOTO: SAEED ADYANI / NETFLIX

WOMAN FALLS THROUGH ROOF WHILE GHOST HUNTING

A GHOST hunter in New York received the fright of her life after an unauthorized paranormal investigation went wrong.

The 35-year-old woman was hunting for ghosts in the nearly century-old Buffalo Central Terminal—where the TV show *Ghost Hunters* has been filmed several times—when she crashed through the roof of a substation at the iconic building and fell almost 20 feet.

Active from 1929 to 1979, the historic train station is known among ghost hunters as a poltergeist hotspot, and the facility occasionally opens its doors to host authorized tours. But cops said this incident was not one of them, and she and a pal were charged with trespassing.

The roof crasher was treated for multiple injuries—including a broken shoulder blade, four broken ribs and a punctured lung—but she's expected to make a full recovery.

That's the spirit!

HERMIT CRABS SEXUALLY EXCITED BY PLASTIC POLLUTION

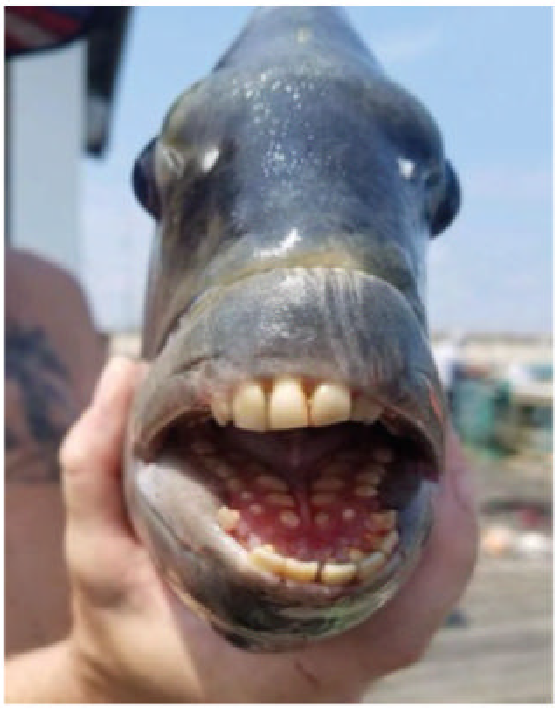
SEA pollution is a global crisis, with more than a million marine animals killed by the 8 million tons of plastic waste dumped in our oceans every year. So why is all that trash making hermit crabs so ecstatic?

In a study from across the pond at England's University of Hull, a team of scientists found plastic waste dumped in the sea leaks the organic compound oleamide, which increases the heart rate and hyperactivity of hermit crabs, eliciting a response in the crustaceans that's similar to sexual excitement.

"Our study shows that oleamide attracts hermit crabs," Ph.D. candidate Paula Schirrmacher said. "This research demonstrates that additive leaching may play a significant role in the attraction of marine life to plastic."

Hermit crabs are scavengers of the sea, who find their food by following the scent of the chemical oleic acid, which is released from decaying corpses. The naturally occurring fatty acid smells so similarly to oleamide that research suggests it's acting as a false feeding cue and causing excitable crabs to mistake marine plastic waste as food.

Think of the hyperactive crabs next time you toss a piece of plastic.



Jaw-Dropping Fish

A STRANGE-LOOKING fish with a full set of pearly whites has dropped jaws on social media after an angler in North Carolina posted a picture of himself grinning alongside his smiling catch of the day.

The nine-pound fish, that at first glance appeared to be sporting a set of false teeth, was reeled in by Nathan Martin, a regular at Jennette's Pier in Nags Head.

The sheepshead—also called the "convict fish" because of their black and white stripes—are said to have earned their official moniker because their mouths appear similar to those of sheep.

Commonly found in North and South America, sheepshead typically hang out near rocks and jetties and use their creepily human-like choppers to feed off barnacles on piers and crush shelled prey like mussels, oysters, shrimp and crabs. Daryl Law, the public relations coordinator for Jennette's Pier, said it wasn't unusual to find the sheepshead in its waters in the summertime.

However, the image of the stubby-toothed fish sent social media into a frenzy, with one user asking: "Is this where dentures come from?" But yet another quipped, "That fish has better teeth than me."

CREDIT: RACHEL MILLER / GEORGE CRAIG / INHAUSCREATIVE

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NOW DELIVERING TO OUTER SPACE

EVERYBODY appreciates a hot, gooey slice of cheesy pizza—even astronauts.

Under its contract with NASA, Northrop Grumman's Cygnus cargo ship launched from Virginia and rocketed into the sky with 8,200 pounds of supplies destined for the International Space Station (ISS).

Among the grub was fresh fruit, cheese snacks and a pizza kit for the station's seven hungry astronauts. Additional equipment was also included in the delivery, such as a mounting bracket for solar wings that are scheduled to launch next year, as well as material simulating moon dust and dirt that the astronauts will use in the onboard 3D printer and slime mold for an educational experiment called Blob.

The resupply mission was the company's 16th and largest shipment sent to the ISS.

Cygnus will remain at the space station until November before returning to Earth.

International Space Station

WOMAN SETS WORLD RECORD FOR RUNNING ON ALL FOURS

A CANADIAN woman fulfilled her dream to establish a world record after she ran 100 meters in 22.99 seconds—on her hands and feet.

Julie McCann, 38, of British Columbia, completed the 100-meter sprint—on all fours—unofficially setting a Guinness World Record by finishing well under the mandated 25-second goal.

McCann said she's been running on all fours since she was a toddler and was inspired to take her talents to competition level after reading about the success of Japan's Kenichi Ito in setting the men's version of the world record at 15.71 seconds.

"I thought this would give me the motivation to get into being active again. More than anything else, I want to prove to myself that I can do it. I could do it in my 20s, but could I still do it in my 30s?" explained the mother of three.

A video capturing her unusual achievement was submitted to Guinness World Records for official recognition, and in the clip, McCann's friends and family can be seen cheering her on as she gallops down the track.

CREDIT: NASA/BILL INGALLS / GORYNVD

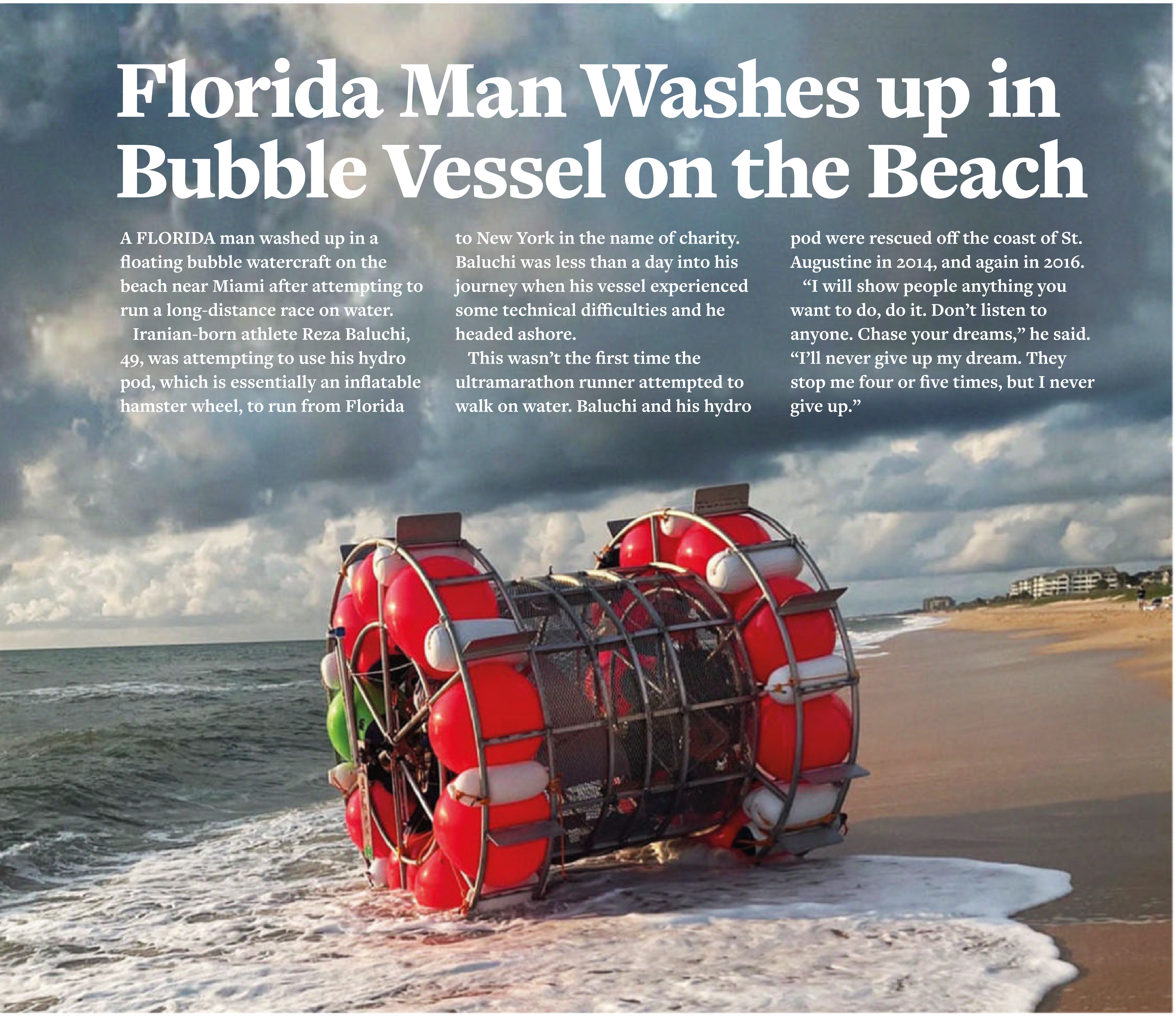
Florida Man Washes up in Bubble Vessel on the Beach

A FLORIDA man washed up in a floating bubble watercraft on the beach near Miami after attempting to run a long-distance race on water.

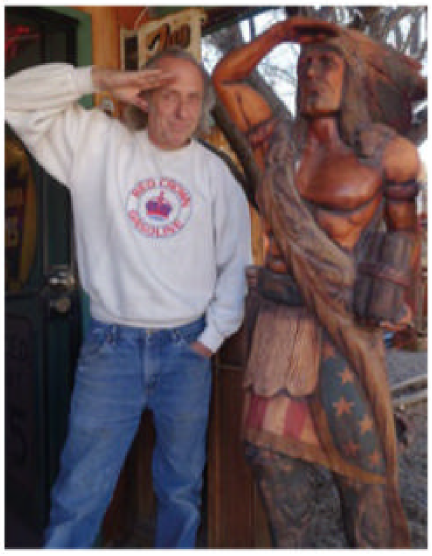
Iranian-born athlete Reza Baluchi, 49, was attempting to use his hydro pod, which is essentially an inflatable hamster wheel, to run from Florida to New York in the name of charity. Baluchi was less than a day into his journey when his vessel experienced some technical difficulties and he headed ashore.

This wasn't the first time the ultramarathon runner attempted to walk on water. Baluchi and his hydro pod were rescued off the coast of St. Augustine in 2014, and again in 2016.

"I will show people anything you want to do, do it. Don't listen to anyone. Chase your dreams," he said. "I'll never give up my dream. They stop me four or five times, but I never give up."



Man Crowned One of the World's Dullest Dudes



A NEW MEXICO man was named one of the world's dullest people by a group called the Dull Men's Club.

Johnnie Meier, a gas station memorabilia collector and owner of the Classical Gas Museum in Embudo, was one of a dozen dullards selected by the Dull Men's Club to be featured in their 2021 calendar.

"You live your whole life hoping to achieve something, and finally I've achieved something," said Meier. "The dullest man, one of the dullest in the world."

Meier said he learned of the existence of the Dull Men's Club after the group's co-founder stopped in to check out his museum.

"I didn't know there was a Dull Men's Club. I didn't know how many of us there really were," Meier admitted.

The Dull Men's Club motto is "Celebrating the Ordinary," with the website stating: "We delight in ordinary things, things that many people think are dull."

Despite being awarded a snoozer of a title, Meier was surprisingly animated about his win.

He said: "Man, if we could all get together in the same room!"

Yawn.

CREDIT: DULLMENSCLUB.COM/ FLAGLER COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE

STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

A NAKED woman was rescued after she got stuck upside down between two buildings in Santa Ana, Calif.—in a space no more than a foot wide!

The woman was found after employees at a nearby auto body shop heard someone yelling for help.

"We called the cops, and the cops came in and got on the roof and looked between the two walls, and she's all naked," one of the workers said. "She was in pain. She was screaming in pain. She was upside down, too."

It took firefighters two hours to complete the rescue, which involved carefully cutting through one of the concrete walls she was wedged between.

It's still unclear how the woman got herself into that predicament.

L.A.'s Mystery Jetpack Man Caught on Camera

AMONG the best mysteries of the past year are the unexplained sightings of Los Angeles's mysterious jetpack man, who was first seen in August 2020 as he soared at 3,000 feet over Los Angeles International Airport (LAX).

While federal aviation officials and the FBI have been busy investigating claims that a person in a jetpack is flying all over Los Angeles, only one video of the airborne adventurer has been captured. Until this monumental moment, people were asking: Does Jetpack Man even exist? The video, which was captured in December of last year by a pilot on an instructional flight with Sling Pilot Academy in California, spotted the flying object soaring at his favorite altitude of 3,000 feet, south of L.A.

Sling Pilot Academy posted the video to its social media and wrote: "The video appears to show a jetpack, but it could also be a drone or some other object. If it is a 'guy in a jetpack,' then it remains to be seen whether it is a legal test flight (jetpacks are real—there is a manufacturer near Los Angeles) or related to the jetpack sightings near LAX recently that caused disruptions to air traffic."

Since the video was captured, there has been another sighting of a person with a jetpack soaring above the busy L.A. airport.

The situation is puzzling aviation experts, who have said that jetpacks normally only have short ranges and aren't designed to fly at an altitude of 3,000 feet.

Until someone can prove the identity of the daredevil behind the stunts, the mystery of Jetpack Man lives another day.

China Offers Award for 'Most Beautiful' Sperm

A SPERM bank in Shanghai kicked off a 45-day competition among university students to find out who has the strongest—and "most beautiful"—sperm.

The Shanghai Human Sperm Bank invited university students in China to get an anonymous free sperm checkup to determine who has the highest concentration of swimmers.

The organizers said the contest was created in response to declining sperm quality and rising male infertility, with only 25 to 30 percent of donations at the bank being viable.

While the bank is calling for sperm, it isn't collecting the entries. Instead, the bank is holding the competition to raise awareness among students about men's reproductive health.

The entrants will compete in each of these categories: most viable sperm, highest concentration of sperm and, strangely enough, "most beautiful" sperm.

Donors who exhibit a concentration of more than 60 million per milliliter of ejaculate will be invited to donate.

This isn't the first time China has suffered a sperm shortage. Earlier this year, the Zhejiang Human Sperm Bank in Hangzhou issued a social media callout offering cash for donations.

The post said: "We offer you 5,000 yuan [$760], just to find the best batch in the city. What are you waiting for?"

CREDIT: KTLA/OCFA / FEELLIFE

GET THE PICTURE

EVERY photographer has his favorite places that inspire creative magic, and for photographer Douglas Sawyer, that's deep among the ancient trees and primordial swamps of Florida's Bulow Creek State Park.

"Bulow Park has formed the foundation of my style of nude-in-nature photography," says Sawyer. "With its rich, vibrant colors and subtropical environment, it creates the perfect backdrop to work with some amazing creatives."

They say it's the towering oaks that catch your attention upon entering the park, but we'd say the sight of Honey sunning herself in a bubbling brook gives the trees a run for their money.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS SAWYER. INSTAGRAM: @DMS.386

MODEL: HONEY. INSTAGRAM: @HONEY.PEREZZ

CAT

FOLLOW @PUPPIESANDMOET

IT'S NOT hard to see why we're crushing on gorgeous Cat.

The busy 21-year-old spends the majority of her days posing nude for modeling gigs and studying law. But in her downtime, you can find her at the beach, playing old school blues on her guitar, doing yoga, reading or getting up to mischief on the town.

When it comes to being lucky enough to score a date with this bisexual beauty, Cat says she is attracted to a person's character.

"I am drawn in by men and women are who are intelligent, humorous, trustworthy and authentically themselves. When it comes to physicality, it's all about the eyes and smile," she says.

PHOTO BY PERRY WINKLE

Start Off the New Year with a BANG!

IS YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION TO HAVE MORE MIND-BLOWING SEX? TRY ONE OF THESE POSITIONS TO START OFF 2022 WITH A BRILLIANT, BIG BANG!

BALL DROP

Who cares about watching the traditional ball drop festivities in New York City's Times Square when you can be having hot oral sex at home? Required for this one: a consenting adult possessing testicles. The other should lie down on their back, with the ball-possessing person situated over their face. As the testicle-dropper lowers his scrotum into the open mouth, the recipient can suck one ball at a time or both at once. How much she can handle is up to her, so choose whatever speed and volume suits you both.

STROKE OF MIDNIGHT

As the clock ticks over to midnight, make sure you're ticking over yourself, while entering your partner from behind. Go wild with reverse cowgirl or drown out the fireworks with a wild doggy-style screw, and let your fingers stroke your partner's clit.

THE STREAMER

For this one, you'll need to arrange your bodies in reverse missionary. So, the woman lies on her back with her legs in the air as you slide inside her snatch, while facing toward her feet.

THE CORK-POPPER

Guys, you need to sit either on a chair or the edge of the bed. Your partner then sits on your lap—facing you—with her arms around your back. Then off you go, as you engage in twisty gyrations reminiscent of someone attempting to uncork a bottle of bubbly.

MIDNIGHT MAGIC

Ask your partner to hang on to the headboard for support as she straddles your face. When she's seated, let her create her own magic as she gyrates her hips, taking control to mark a brand-new year of sexual fulfillment. ❶

PENTHOUSE LEGENDS

BODY OF WORK

MARK WAHLBERG BURST ONTO THE MUSIC SCENE IN THE ’90S AS A CHARISMATIC RAPPER, BUT HIS HARD WORK AND DETERMINATION HELPED HIM TRANSFORM INTO A HOLLYWOOD HEAVYWEIGHT.

MUSCLE-BOUND Mark Wahlberg had already modeled skivvies for Calvin Klein and rocketed to the top of the charts with the infectious track “Good Vibrations” when he spoke with *Penthouse* in March 1993 about his meteoric career and the state of modern-day rap music. As part of Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch, the Boston-born rapper’s aggressive stylings perfectly paired with Loleatta Holloway’s powerhouse vocals on the No. 1 pop smash, making him a household name. But since then, Mark’s star has risen even higher as he launched a successful acting career and appeared in a string of blockbusters, including *Planet of the Apes*, *The Perfect Storm* and *Transformers: Age of Extinction*. And his acclaimed role in Martin Scorsese’s 2006 thriller *The Departed* even earned him an Academy Award nomination for Best Supporting Actor.

Now 50, Mark has also displayed his comedy chops in flicks such as *Ted*, *The Other Guys* and *Daddy’s Home*. But he’s shown himself to be a major player behind the scenes, as well, by serving as an executive producer on dozens of projects, including the crime saga *Boardwalk Empire*, the comedy-drama *Entourage* and The Rock’s HBO series *Ballers*. And in 2010, he was honored with his very own star on Hollywood’s Walk of Fame.

Along with his brothers Donnie and Paul, Mark’s also a co-owner of the Wahlburgers dining chain, which inspired an A&E reality series of the same name that debuted in 2014 and aired for 10 seasons. He’s also a part owner of Performance Inspired, a supplement company he co-founded in 2016 with former GNC executive Tom Dowd, and invested in the Barbados Tridents cricket team, in addition to many more business ventures.

Though it’s been 30 years since he first flexed his muscles on MTV, Mark has maintained his impressive physique and whipped the internet into a frenzy in 2020 when he shared his jam-packed schedule, which included early a.m. workouts and “cryo chamber recovery” sessions.

As popular as ever, Mark has more than 17 million Instagram followers at @markwahlberg. But he’s not the only social media sensation in his home. His pet pooch Champ has nearly 90,000 Instagram followers of his own at @champeranian, and Mark has joked the pup is the “number one Pomeranian on the ’gram!”

One of the hardest working men in Hollywood, Mark has multiple irons in the fire, including *The Six Billion Dollar Man*—a modern retelling of the ’70s classic *The Six Million Dollar Man*—in which he’s currently slated to play astronaut Steve Austin, a role that was originated by Lee Majors.

But moviegoers can next see him on the big screen in the video game-inspired film *Uncharted*, which is set to hit theaters in February 2022—and with Mark leaping into the action, it’ll no doubt be a winner.

CREDIT: SMXRF/STAR MAX

ONLINE

DON'T CANCEL PORN

BY EMILIE DYE

ADULT entertainer Brandi Love was rudely booted from a recent Turning Point USA event in Tampa, Fla., in another example of the purity squad's ongoing war on porn. According to organizers of the politically conservative gathering, even a clothed porn star's presence is inappropriate, and do-gooders are bringing up the overplayed refrain: "Think of the children."

Some zealots are even using that old argument to advocate for a ban on free porn websites.

But these attacks on porn have very little to do with protecting minors and everything to do with enforcing a particular "moral" ethic on adults.

It's already illegal in many municipalities for anyone under the age of 18 to possess porn. It's primarily up to parents to protect their children from viewing pornography, and that's as it should be.

But a ban on porn—that's free or purchased—would allow people with one worldview to impose that view on other adults.

As much as I personally would love to ban purity balls, abstinence teaching and virginity vows because of the sexual and psychological damage they can cause children—girls, in particular—I'd never advocate for legislation to that effect. Parenting simply isn't the role of the government. Except in cases of abuse, the government must step aside and let parents parent.

Luckily, keeping kids from getting ahold of porn is easier than you might think. Installing the appropriate firewalls is a great place to start. But if you're still worried, you could always simply deny your child a device that connects to the internet. The point is, we can do this on our own.

As someone who was on the receiving end of such parental oversight, I should know. During my teen years, my parents put a firewall so secure on my laptop that I was blocked from looking up former U.S. Vice President Dick Cheney for a school project.

Should the government bring back Prohibition just because 16-year-olds sometimes sneak into bars or steal their parents' alcohol? God forbid. Besides, Prohibition didn't work. So how would banning porn be any different?

Porn is older than the human species. Our Paleolithic ancestors scrawled pictures of boobs, vulvas and penises on cave walls, and dildos are among our pre-human ancestors' first inventions.

Just as adults prefer to enjoy cocktails free of quinine and other toxic chemicals, adults want safe, consensual porn. Banning porn wouldn't make it go away. It would still be just as widely available as it is now. But actors would no longer have legal protections.

Don't our authorities have anything better to do than waste time and resources going after safe, consensual porn? How about focusing on addressing human rights violations and real abuse?

Adults are perfectly capable of enjoying porn responsibly. Couples watch porn together to spice up their sex lives. Lonely people watch porn to satisfy their basic human need for sexual pleasure.

Governments ban activities and commodities where the detriments to the functioning of a healthy society outweigh the benefits. Porn is a multibillion-dollar industry with revenue estimates ranging between $6 billion on the low end to more than $97 billion on the high end. That's millions of jobs—and even more satisfied customers.

Porn doesn't just make money for itself. It supports cellular companies, hotels and internet providers. Porn makes up 30 percent of all internet usage. Additionally, it's a driver of innovation with virtual reality porn expected to reach $1 billion in sales by 2025.

There are two other arguments against porn: It leads to an oversexed population, and it leaves people less interested in sex. Which is it? In the end, the arguments against consensual porn for adults remain far-fetched and moralistic.

Yes, people can abuse and misuse porn. But as it stands, porn provides entertainment and gratification for millions of adults every day. Canceling this industry would be tantamount to cock-blocking entire nations.

> **"A ban on porn—that's free or purchased—would allow people with one worldview to impose that view on other adults."**

Emilie Dye is the Australian Lead for Young Voices. Find her on Twitter @Emilie_Dye or on her website emiliedye.com.

CREDIT: ANDREW TARUSOV

FILM

SONG AND DANCE

BY PAUL DALGARNO

YOU know how it is: Your day's going badly until you hear strings from an invisible orchestra and burst into song. Rather than laugh, your significant other responds in kind, expressing their love and support in rhyming couplets, culminating in a coda that threatens to smash your fancy crystal with its ovation-worthy high C.

No? Well, why not? The resurgence of Hollywood musicals would have us believe show tunes and life's slings and arrows are synonymous.

Already this year we've had *In the Heights*, based on the stage musical by Lin-Manuel Miranda, and the batshit-looking Cannes opener *Annette* with Adam Driver and Marion Cotillard. Among those still to come, we have Miranda's feature directorial debut *Tick, Tick … Boom!*, *Diana: The Musical*, and Steven Spielberg's $100 million reworking of *West Side Story*.

We've come a long way since the '60s Post-Golden Age of musicals, an era that saw the speak-properly-woman histrionics of *My Fair Lady* (1964), an Oscar-winning nun on the run in *The Sound of Music* (1965) and the sinus-crushing squeaks and squawks of *Doctor Doolittle* (1967)—a heady brew of cockneys, Nazis and nincompoops cranking out showstoppers that were comic, serious or tearjerky … nobody really cared. The aim, as with all musical theater, was to knock you out with a two to three minute contextually dependent, narratively driven, sucker punch.

The '70s, '80s and early '90s were dominated by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Claude-Michel Schönberg—an epoch of hopelessly sincere opera-light on stage, replete with pop-inspired show tunes for which we're still paying the cinematic price. There were laughs aplenty to be had in the film adaptation of *Cats* (2019), but they were unintentional. Bread thief Jean Valjean choosing song as the best defense against heavily armed French soldiers in *Les Misérables* (2012) was meant to be somber not silly.

> **"The resurgence of Hollywood musicals would have us believe show tunes and life's slings and arrows are synonymous."**

Woody Allen's *Everyone Says I Love You* (1996), while no masterpiece, was a notable outlier in this humorless period, with actors giving WTF glances at their co-stars whenever the singing started. *Moulin Rouge!* (2001), and to a lesser degree *The Greatest Showman* (2017), also stake claims for the self-aware, have-your-cake-and-eat-it postmodern musical.

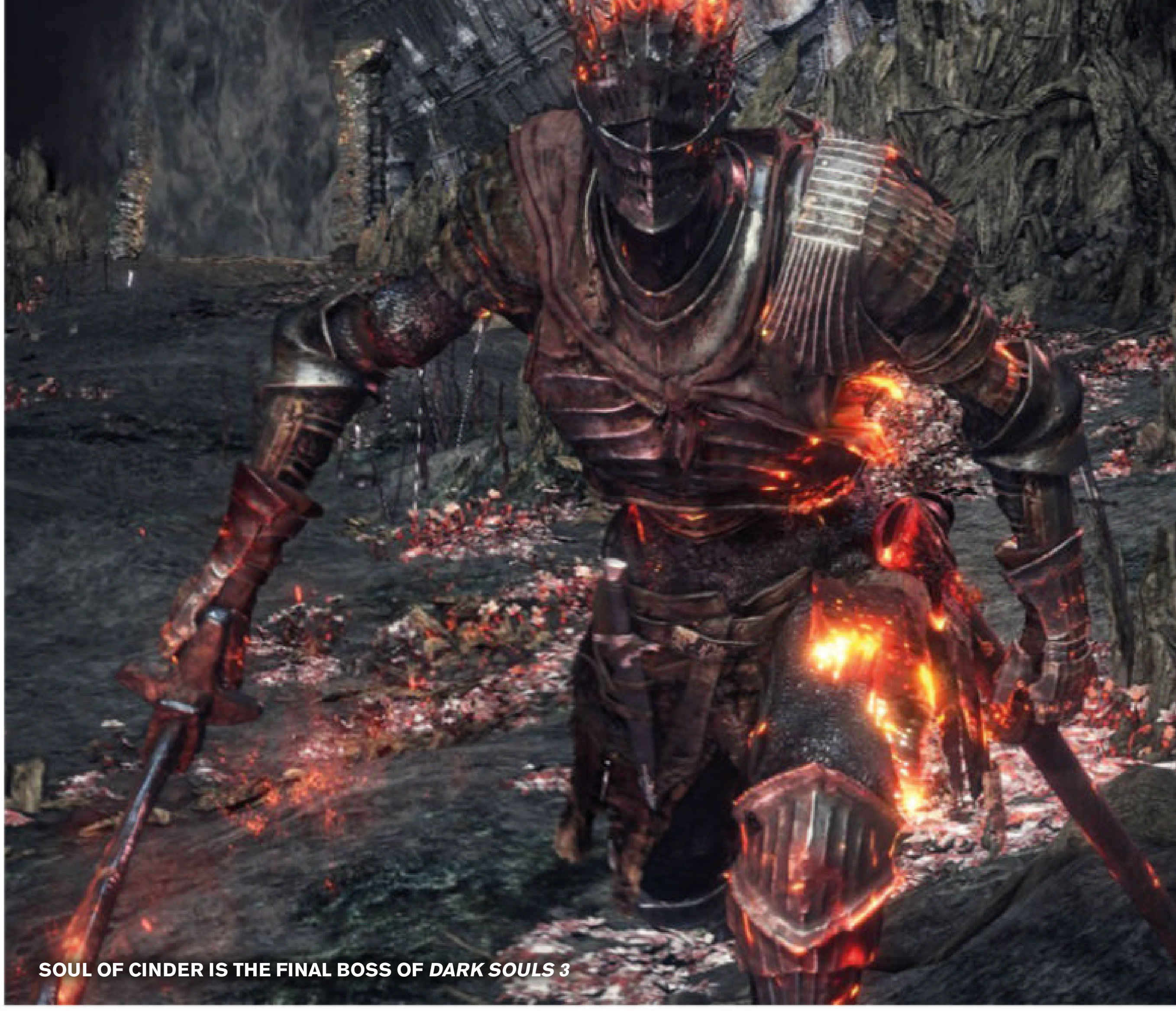
But in the latest cinematic rush, the orchestral baton has passed firmly into the double-grip of diversity and authenticity—if you ignore the singing and jazz hands. Miranda's monster stage hit turned movie *Hamilton* (2020), with its color-blind casting and rapping rather than arias, made a convincing financial case for more socially conscious musicals, the sort we'll see, or avoid, on screens before the end of the year with *Dear Evan Hansen*, about a high school student with an anxiety disorder, and *Everybody's Talking About Jamie*, in which a teenager overcomes prejudice to become a drag queen. By the time *West Side Story* appears in December, we'll likely be talking less about why New York gangs are scrapping with sawn-off melodies and more about the fact the Hispanic characters are played by Latinx actors, in sharp contrast to the 1961 original.

The wave is coming hard, so make your decision: tune in and tune up or tune out.

CREDIT: NIKO TAVERNISE/TWENTIETH CENTURY STUDIOS.

LET GAMES BE GAMES

BY IAN MILES CHEONG



SOUL OF CINDER IS THE FINAL BOSS OF *DARK SOULS 3*

CREDIT: DARK SOULS 3 CAPTURED ON PC

DIFFICULTY is a point of contention among gamers, with many boasting to having beaten *Halo* on Legendary difficulty or *Doom* on Nightmare. The memory of beating *Dark Souls*' final boss with just a sliver of health is one no one could ever forget.

But these are experiences limited to relatively few gamers who've taken the time and effort to obtain bragging rights.

For a long time, games have rewarded the best of the best. Players who complete levels on the hardest difficulty, or with any number of set challenges, are rewarded with achievements and items to showcase their skill.

Being at the top of the game is nothing new, going way back to the '80s when gamers would challenge each other in arcades to top the leaderboards with a high score. The challenge—that sense of raw competitiveness—is what's driven humanity to its greatest heights, on both a personal and civilizational level. It's the right to say, "I'm better than you."

And therein lies the clash between those who enjoy video games for what they are—canvases for the expression of pure, unbridled skill—and those who want video games to be something they are not: accessible to everyone.

It's "accessibility" in the form of equity. It's the dumbing down of games, the simplification of mechanics, and an overall disregard for the qualities that make a video game a video game.

The conversation over game difficulty was ignited when the Xbox account on Twitter stated: "Beating the game on the lowest difficulty is still beating the game." In other words, congratulations on your participation trophy.

The debate was exacerbated by the upcoming release of the long-awaited *Psychonauts 2*, which boasts an invincibility setting framed as an "accessibility" option. Playing the game as the developers intend would conceivably require turning on the mode and sitting back as the player moves passively through the world. Were I one of the developers in charge of the game's combat system and game balance, I'd consider my job superfluous.

> **"Those who fail to muster the skill required to beat the game are jealous of those who can."**

Conversations about difficulty and accessibility in games can be traced back to the emergence of *Dark Souls* as a popular genre. Built with the hardcore gamer in mind, the unforgivingly hard *Dark Souls* and its kin reward those capable of taking on the challenge, while encouraging those who can't pass the bar to simply try again until they succeed. It's a mentality alien to those who would give up after the first try.

The claims of these gentrifiers fall flat when challenged with the reality of what *Dark Souls* actually is: a manageable game with a high difficulty curve. Unlike most games, which are easy to play but difficult to master, *Dark Souls* requires patience. Once its mechanics "click" for you, the difficulty levels out and becomes incredibly less challenging.

Those who fail to muster the skill required to beat the game are jealous of those who can. It's a case of haves and have-nots. Oppressed and oppressor. And in this case, gamers who answer the call are those oppressive gatekeepers who want to keep out the peasants from their domain.

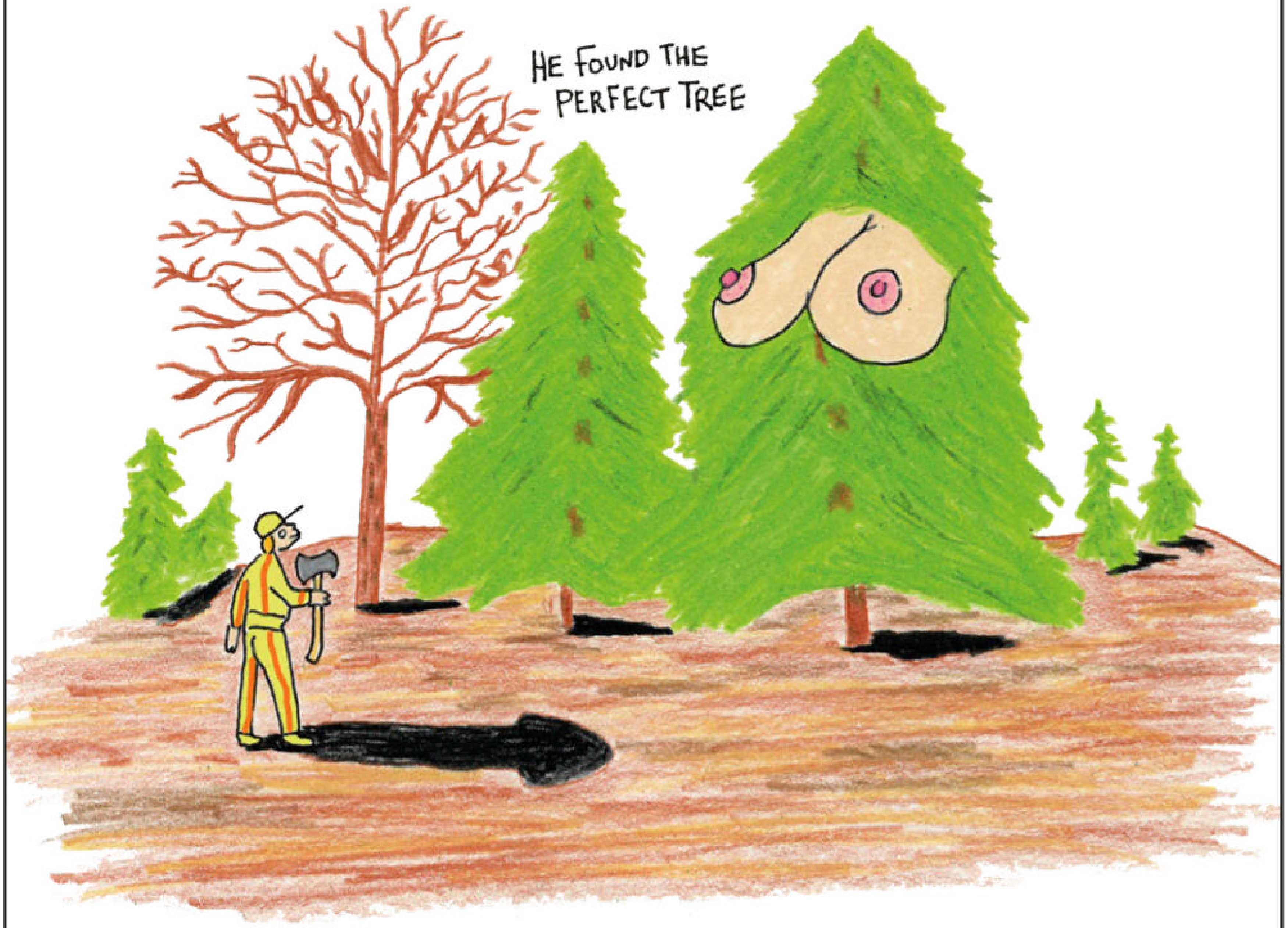
The gentrifiers are a dime a dozen. Across game enthusiast publications, and on social media, gentrifiers have arrived on the shores of the video game medium. This new breed of gamer has planted a flag in the sand and says, "This is our land. Every game should be made for everyone."

Developers are listening. The ranks of game journalists incapable of completing tutorial levels have successfully turned their demand for participation trophies to be included in games like *Psychonauts 2* and *Control* with their difficulty sliders that do little to provide players with a sense of prestige for finishing the game on the default setting—let alone higher difficulties.

Naturally, this has provoked responses from gamers worried about the vulgarization of the skill-based medium into a passive experience designed for people who don't understand, respect or care about video games. In return, they've been branded "gatekeepers."

Why play video games at all if you don't find them accessible? Why should the concept of video games be redefined for the sake of inclusivity? Do developers owe their customers the experiences they crave or cave to cultural complainers?

For me, the answer's simple: Video games are for gamers. Let video games be video games—entertaining, engaging and most importantly, challenging. To hell with the rest. They can read a book.


HE FOUND THE PERFECT TREE

Porous Walker

The Hidden Cost of IoT

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

TECHNOLOGY is part and parcel of living in today's modern age. Wherever you go, no matter what you're doing, it's impossible to get away from technology. From the GPS in your car, to the smartphone you use to watch videos and check your work emails, technology is indispensable.

We're stuck in a digital box with no escape, and that box is getting smaller and smaller, with the advent of always online, internet-connected devices that are part of the so-called Internet of Things (IoT).

The Internet of Things offers the promise of convenience at a low, corporate-subsidized price tag for a high-quality product that does what you need it to do. You don't even own it. However, it comes with a hidden cost.

This digital reality in which we live provides corporations with all new ways to monetize our existence. Your life, experiences and habits are for sale. Everything you do is tracked; nothing is off-limits.

How many times you open your fridge. How many times a week you wash your clothes. How often you sip your drink. It's all for sale. Corporations are selling that information, and governments are buying it.

As mundane as it seems, it's in the interest of every marketer to know what your habits are. Nestlé wants to know how many scoops of sugar you put in your cup of coffee, how much milk you put in it and how many times a day you drink it.

They sell you products they know you'll want to buy through targeted ads—and then some.

Corporations will argue that information helps them make better products—and that may be so—but the one-size-fits-all approach distills every unique experience into something generic. A cup of Nescafé, while decent, will never taste quite as good as your personal cup of coffee.

You are for sale—whether you like it or not.

Security and privacy are sacred, but the Internet of Things deprives us of our most intimate human experiences. To be part of this new digital reality, we end up sacrificing what little privacy we have left for ourselves without even realizing what we're giving up.

With the ever prevailing claws of the IoT encroaching into our daily lives, it's impossible to escape. There is no "off" switch or opting out unless you want to live as a pariah in the wilderness—as Henry David Thoreau did in *Walden*.

The United Kingdom is now set to launch a social credit program to tackle the country's obesity crisis. This program, which is modeled on a similar scheme in Singapore, calls on citizens to install an app that tracks the dietary habits and physical activity of those who choose to opt-in.

In return, the high-performing users are rewarded with "loyalty points" to be exchanged for discounts, free tickets and other incentives—all subsidized by the taxpayer, of course. Based on some cost-benefit analysis, the economists behind the strategy figured out it's cheaper to train people's behavior than it is to treat them after they get sick and depend on the socialized National Health Service to take care of them.

> **"There is no 'off' switch or opting out unless you want to live as a pariah in the wilderness."**

Either way, it's behavioral conditioning. Such systems, which operate on information provided by the Internet of Things—allow coercive governmental and corporate forces to run massive, country-sized Skinner boxes and silently dictate the behavior of every individual through a system of rewards and punishment.

What may seem like an opt-in program that rewards people for exercising and buying healthy foods is, in fact, a punishment for doing the opposite. That one time you sneak a bite of a doughnut? That's your extra allowance for the week gone.

None of this would have ever been possible were it not for the ubiquity of the Internet of Things.

The world's governments, for all their good intentions of behaving like nanny states, don't always have anyone's interests at heart. After all, the food pyramid was a lie. Corn is bad for you. Can you really trust the government to dictate what's best for you?

Ted Kaczynski, better known as the Unabomber, infamously described this digital reality as the "technological society" to which we are enslaved. In his so-called manifesto, the "Industrial Society and Its Future," Kaczynski warned of the next—and now ongoing—Industrial Revolution and its consequences on the human race.

Although it's impossible to justify his acts of terrorism upon private citizens and institutions alike, Kaczynski's fears are being proven right with every step of the way we take on the road to glorious technological connectivity.

CREDIT: METAMORWORKS

Valarie Allman

Alix Klineman & April Ross

GOLDEN GIRLS

AS THE WORLD GEARS UP FOR THE 2022 WINTER OLYMPICS IN BEIJING, WE LOOK BACK AT SOME OF THE STUNNING WOMEN WHO BROUGHT HOME THE GOLD AT THE SUMMER GAMES IN TOKYO.

THE Olympic Winter Games are set to kick off in China in February—unless COVID-19 throws yet another monkey wrench into the world's plans. But the U.S. is heading into the competition with high hopes for some of its most decorated female athletes. Snowboarder Chloe Kim is eyeing a second gold medal after winning the women's snowboard half-pipe in PyeongChang in 2018; two-time Olympic champion alpine skier Mikaela Shiffrin is looking to add to her 2014 and 2018 gold medals and cross-country skier Jessie Diggins is favored to secure a top podium spot after snagging gold in the women's team sprint with Kikkan Randall at PyeongChang.

But before these talented women launch their bid for even more Olympic glory, *Penthouse* looks back at some of the gorgeous gals who took on the best athletes in the world at the Tokyo Summer Games—and came out on top!

AMBER ENGLISH

Lt. Amber English won the gold medal in women's skeet and set a new Olympic record of 56 out of 60! The Colorado-born beauty joined the U.S. Army Marksmanship Unit in February 2017 and was part of America's sweep at the 2018 World Championships, where she earned the bronze medal. Amber, 31, stayed on target in Tokyo and bested the reigning champ—Italy's Diana Bacosi, who took the top spot in Rio in 2016—to win her first Olympic gold. "It was just a very crazy experience," says Amber. "I'm very, very humbled by this experience."

VALARIE ALLMAN

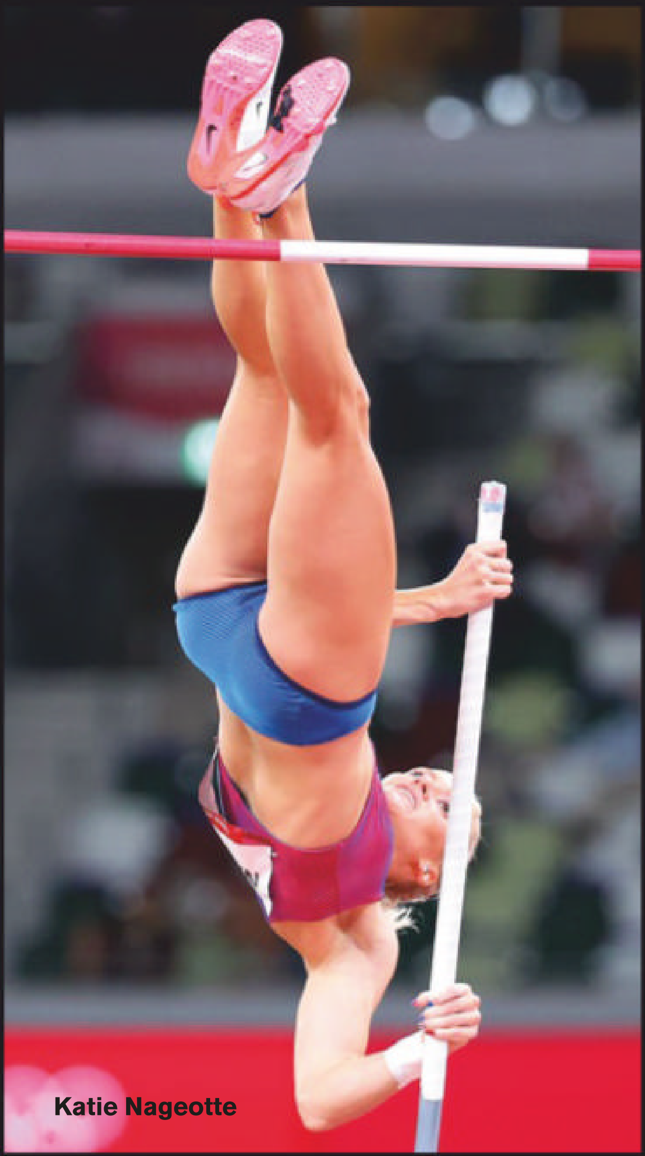
Track and field sensation Valarie Allman took an unusual route on her way to Tokyo. Valarie, now 26, once traveled the U.S. as part of "The Pulse on Tour," a dance program from choreographers for the TV show *So You Think You Can Dance?* But she traded that stage for one that was worldwide, when she grabbed the gold for the U.S. in the discus throw. However, she says discus and dance have more in common than people realize and explains, "It's a combination of grace, strength, balance, having an awareness of your body and being able to move it with force."

KATIE NAGEOTTE

The photo of high-flying Katie Nageotte celebrating her gold medal-winning pole vault performance for the U.S. in midair, after courting disaster with her earlier attempts, is one of the most iconic images from the Summer Games. Katie, 30, began the year with a case of COVID-19, followed by a tight quad muscle. Though she got a dicey start in Tokyo, she finished strong as the only gal able to clear a height of 16 feet, 1 inch. "With pole vault, it's a lot of hard work and a little bit of luck," says Katie. "And I'm so grateful that it went my way."

LEE KIEFER

Fencer Lee Kiefer, 27, became the first U.S. competitor—male or female—to win gold in the Olympic individual foil after defeating Inna Deriglazova of Russia. The Filipino-American cutie accomplished the feat in her third trip to the Games. And even more incredibly, the Kentucky-based athlete trained



Katie Nageotte

Janja Garnbret

for her historic win while also attending medical school! Gerek Meinhardt, her hubby of nearly two years, also competed in Tokyo, coming away with a team bronze. But he says, "She made my Olympic dream come true. Being able to see her go out, fight her nerves and come out with the gold medal was something really special."

ALLYSON FELIX

U.S. track and field legend Allyson Felix, 35, competed in her fifth, and likely last, Olympics—and came away with a career total of seven gold, three silver and one bronze, and calls her experience in Tokyo "special." The accomplishment gave her more medals than any American in track and field history as she even surpassed the great Carl Lewis. Allyson is the perfect combination of strength, beauty and grit. She bounced back from giving birth to her first child, seemingly shamed Nike into changing their maternity policy for sponsored athletes, launched the lifestyle brand Saysh and has become a prominent voice against gender inequality in sports.

JANJA GARNBRET

Sport climbing came to the Olympics for the first time and saw athletes, male and female, scurrying up walls like supercharged Spider-Men. But Slovenia's stunner Janja Garnbret, 22, scored the first ever women's gold in the event. Janja has won a slew of international contests and is considered by many to be the greatest competitive climber of all time. In October 2020, she even scaled the tallest chimney in Europe, alongside fellow climber Domen Škofic. The top of the 360-meter Trbovlje Power Station chimney was enveloped in fog when they began their successful free climb, but Janja still managed to keep her eye on the prize!

ALIX KLINEMAN & APRIL ROSS

Beach volleyball babes Alix Klineman, 31, and April Ross, 39, are a dynamic duo. Just four years after becoming pro partners, the pair served up gold for the U.S. in Tokyo. Alix and April handily defeated Australia's Mariafe Artacho del Solar and Taliqua Clancy 2-0 (21-15 and 21-16) in the final match, in what Klineman calls a "fairy-tale ending." Alix adds, "I think sometimes people want to feel confident going into the match and feel like it's just going to go smoothly. But we kind of went in with the opposite mentality and just having that much respect for that team because they are so good."

EMMA McKEON

Awesome Aussie swimmer Emma McKeon, 27, acquired quite the collection of medals in Tokyo, winning four gold and three bronze. The accomplishment left her tying the record for most medals won by a woman at a single Games, which was set by Soviet gymnast Maria Gorokhovskaya in 1952 in Helsinki. The Queen of the Pool is also the most decorated Olympian in her country's history, with a total of 11 medals, and she even set an Olympic record this year while winning the 50-meter freestyle in 23.81 seconds. "It will take a while to sink in," Emma admits, "because I've been focusing on myself to keep my cool."

REBECA ANDRADE

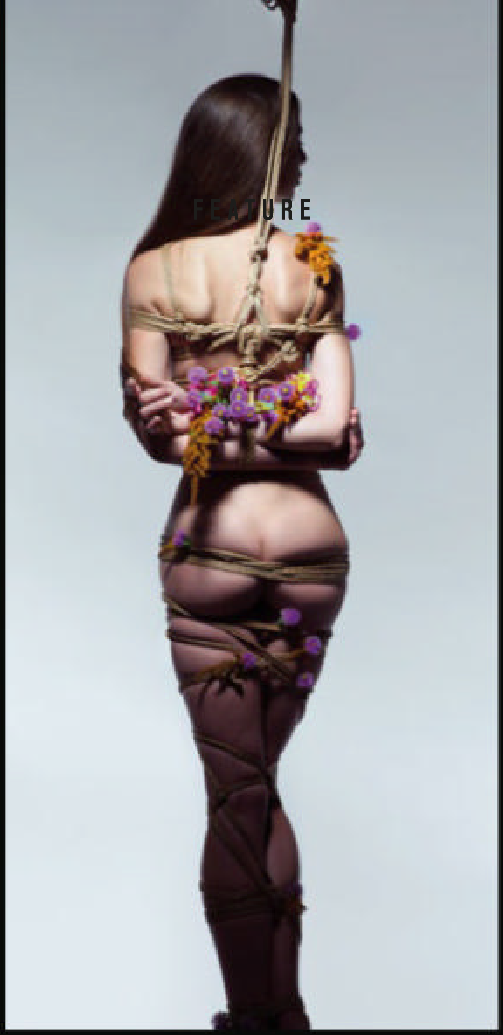
Brazil flipped for Rebeca Andrade, who took the gold in vault, and became the country's first Olympic champion in women's gymnastics—a day after winning the silver in the women's all-around final! Rebeca, 22, leapt to the top after scoring an average of 15.083 from two extremely difficult vaults. She overcame excruciating injuries, including two ACL tears, to reign at Tokyo. But her smooth technique, power and charisma launched her into Olympic history. She says of her big win, "It's a huge pride for me because I saw how much I've grown. I've matured, and it's really good. I feel so overwhelmed, happy. I'm feeling incredible."

CREDIT: SCOOP DYGA / CHRISTIAN PETERSEN / ABBIE PARR / SEBASTIAN WIDMANN

EROTIC

ROPE BONDAGE

BY AARON MCPOLIN AND CORRINE BARRACLOUGH
SHIBARI ARTIST: PAUL KABZINSKI



THE Japanese art of shibari is often known as bondage. But not all bondage is sexual in nature, and there's more to shibari than kink.

The word itself is specific to tying or binding, but the practice is actually an art form that includes the wrist-knot chain, knot-tying of hands and chest bind—which is a figure-eight knot—as well as more advanced techniques, as you progress.

Shibari—a building of trust

Originating in 13th century Japan, the artistic form of Japanese rope bondage has had many different interpretations throughout its history. Most of the art form comes from the modification of judicial hojojutsu—the ancient Japanese martial art of restraint using cordage—and ukiyo-e woodblock prints of various torture techniques and methods for restraining and punishing prisoners.

The word for the Japanese practice of shibari literally means "to tie," and today it is treated as a consensual experience for the purposes of art or arousal with a rigger—"top" or "dom"—tying up another person, a "bottom," "sub" or "bunny." The Japanese art of kinbaku, or tight binding, is primarily aesthetic, as opposed to the more provocative art shibari aims to express.

Beauty in suffering

The intricate practice delves into intimacy, trust and bliss via a ceremonial and delicate process.

The practitioner is binding their partner with a specially treated jute rope, and depending on the top, they may use diverse forms and styles of binding.

Connective Rope is a practice that focuses on touch, feel and arousal and builds connections with the submissive through intimate rope play, closeness, touch, pace and rope placement.

Artistic Rope is concerned with aesthetics, including contorting the body, morphing limbs and body parts through binding or suspension, and highlighting and pulling parts inward or outward to define and enhance form and shape.

Beauty in Suffering is when the subject is positioned in contortions designed to create controlled reactions toward a certain experience. These stress positions are enhanced by the pacing and timing of the session.

Shibari is an art that can be as delicate, soft and beautiful—or as harsh—as the practitioner desires.

A common attribute observed about shibari is the building of trust among participants.

Trust is a key ingredient the artist must develop on the sub's journey to rope space, where the bound partner will go through a series of consensual gates and will no longer try to control their environment, becoming relaxed and entering a state of bliss.

The rope adopts the role as the messenger in this journey, aiding in the transition from one mindset to another. Some say shibari can reduce anxiety and depression and promote an improved mental well-being for up to a week after a session.

> "THE INTRICATE PRACTICE DELVES INTO INTIMACY, TRUST AND BLISS."

Intimacy and devotion

Shibari requires years of dedication and practice, and the rope itself is treated with great respect.

Jute is the cord of choice, burnished and bathed in beeswax and camellia oil, and slowly baked. This process is repeated to create a soft yet strong binding rope.

Concern for the subject being tied is matched by the artist's ceremonial care of the rope.

There's a unique trust, respect and detailed understanding of one another when shibari is performed.

The art form is full of intricacy and is a balance of the body and mind. The rope requires careful placement and an understanding of the subject's sensitive areas. The rigger must be careful not to pinch vulnerable nerves, to keep blood flowing to the fingertips and toes and watch for any discoloration.

The dangers of a suspension without proper considerations can be permanent muscle and nerve damage, extreme exhaustion, collapse, fainting and intense muscle cramps. So, take it easy and enjoy the learning process!

Aaron McPolin is an artist, photographer and videographer. His work delves into areas of subculture, shining a light on taboo realms, and is inspired by psychology, history and the challenging of social norms. Read more and shop on his website: https://www.aaronmcpolin.com

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CYBER CUTIE

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

ALINA

PHOTOGRAPHER
JULIAN ROMERO
@BYJULIOCESAR

EVROLE
DEC
FLORIDA
96
M80 78D
DADE

COLOMBIAN cutie Alina is a natural when it comes to performing for the camera—and the lens loves her back! The hazel-eyed camgirl says she loves her job because it allows her to express her creative side and show off her talents as an actress, dancer and model. But the B-cup blonde admits she sometimes likes to sip a drink to help her relax before baring all and spills, “Before shooting this set, we drank a little rum.”

Alina says she’s excited to be in *Penthouse* because of the magazine’s history of celebrating women’s sensuality, and we’re thrilled to count her as one of our magnificent models. There’s no doubt this driven performer will fuel countless fantasies and race to the top of the heap.

What are some of your turn-ons and turn-offs?
Good dirty talk and wet kisses get me hot. I’m turned off if a guy is boring or smells bad. I like men who have something interesting to say.

What’s your favorite kind of date?
The place isn’t as important as the person. He needs to be someone with a good vibe, so we can connect. He also needs to act like a gentleman and be able to make me laugh. If my date can do those things, the rest of the night will be perfect and everything else will fall into place.

Do you usually wear panties, or do you go without?
I always have to wear panties. I don’t feel comfortable without them. My favorites are thongs. But I’m definitely a member of the “No Bra Club!”

Name something that’s on your bucket list.
I’d love to go skydiving in Dubai!

AGE: 24
MEASUREMENTS: 34B-23-33
NATIVE COUNTRY: Colombia
HEIGHT: 5’9”
TWITTER: @AlinaVolkov_
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NEW SEASON ARRIVALS

WHIZ INTO THE NEW SEASON IN THE MOST LUXURIOUS LAMBORGHINI, SWITCH UP YOUR SWIMWEAR AND DRESS LIKE BRAD PITT. WE'VE GOT ALL YOUR NEW SEASON'S STYLE STATEMENTS SORTED...

countach

Technical Data*	Lamborghini Countach LPI 800-4
Engine	V12 6.5 liter engine combined with a 48 volt e-motor mounted directly on the gearbox
Top speed	221 mph
Acceleration 0-62 mph	2.8 sec.
Acceleration 0-124 mph	8.6 sec.
Wheelbase	2,700 mm (106.30 in.)
Overall length	4,870 mm (191.73 in.)
Tires (front – rear)	Pirelli P Zero 255/30 ZR20 – 355/25 ZR21
Rims (front – rear)	9″ J X 20″ H2 ET 17.2 - 13″ J X 21″ H2 ET 51.7

Lamborghini
countach

*Performance information courtesy of lamborghini.com

BACK TO THE FUTURE

THE COUNTACH LPI 800-4 IS THE VISIONARY CAR OF THE MOMENT

IMPRESSED? Yeah, so are we. Automobili Lamborghini recently unveiled this beauty—the Countach LPI 800-4. It's a futuristic limited edition, and its performance is every bit as hot as its looks.

This hybrid-electric sports car is revolutionary in many respects. The design and boundary-pushing technology are exquisite.

With its aspirated V12 engine and Lamborghini's hybrid super capacitor technology, the Countach LPI 800-4 retains the inimitable V12 experience and sound. Its longitudinally positioned engine combines with the hybrid technology developed for the Sián FKP 37 to deliver peak Lamborghini performance.

The LPI 800-4 can go from zero to 62 mph in just 2.8 seconds and zero to 124 mph in 8.6 seconds. Top speed? That would be 221 mph.

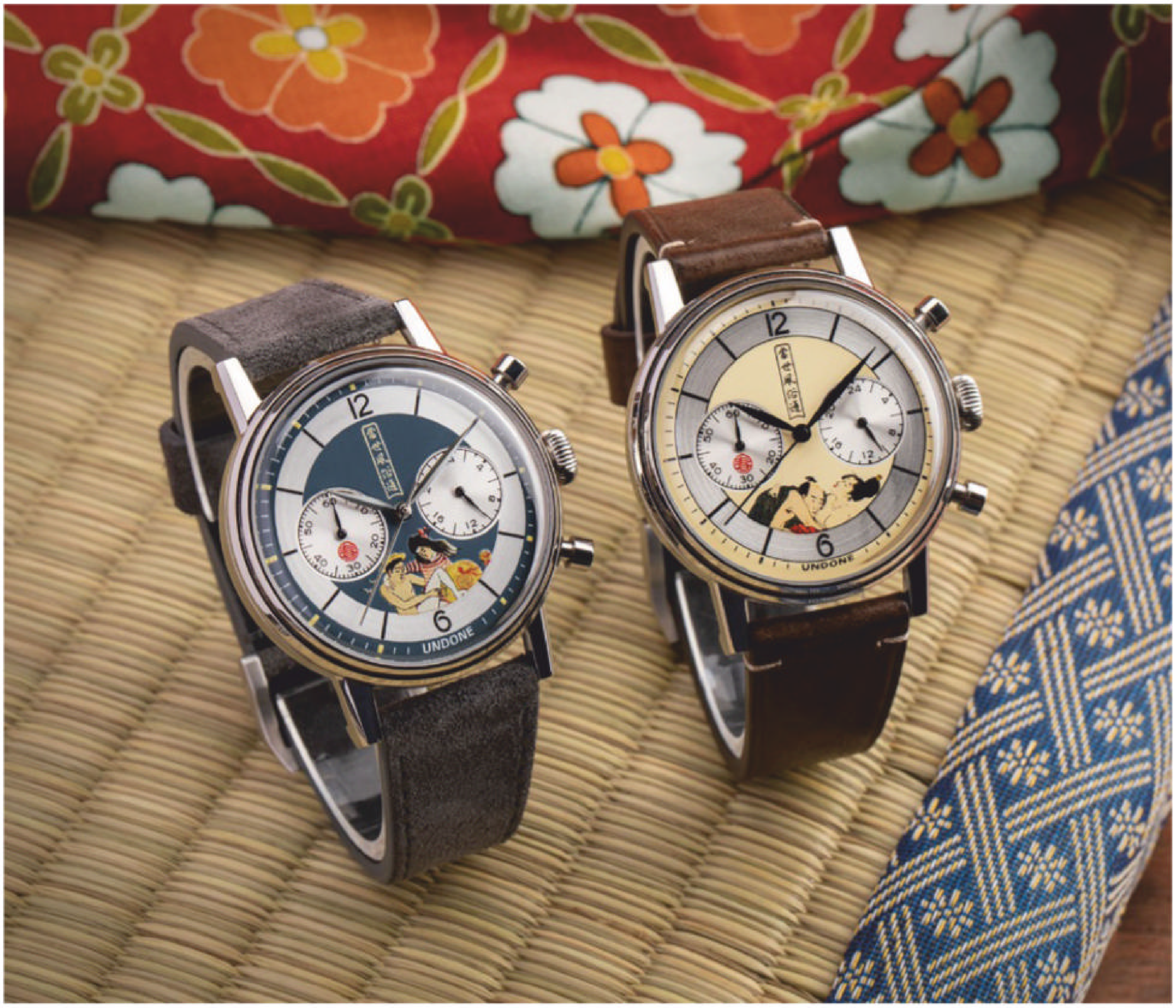
"It is a Lamborghini that innately expresses the marque's enduring and emotive power: always inspirational and thrilling to see, hear and most of all drive," says Automobili Lamborghini President and CEO Stephan Winkelmann.

The original Countach launched in 1974 and became the poster car of the '80s. With its fresh design, featuring the sharply angled "Italian Wedge" shape, the Countach was unlike any other car on the market and was the ultimate symbol of an ultra-cool lifestyle. This new version is also unconventional and pushes the brand into the now—and the future.

The Countach LPI 800-4 develops the original model's characteristic lines to create a new realization of the iconic automobile's design.

The Countach utilized the best available technologies to produce an extraordinary car, and this visionary philosophy is reflected in the Countach LPI 800-4 and its modernized profile.

The new Countach has no fixed rear wing outside the pure lines, and the air scoops are integrated fluidly in the strong shoulders of the car—but it still features the vintage vehicle's distinctive slatted gills.



WATCH AND LEARN

UNDONE WATCHES

YOU know when you want to get laid.

Now, how do you make sure women get that vibe from you, too?

In 17th century Japan, watches were used in high-class society as pickup tools, and UNDONE's Nippon Erotica: Shunga Collection is a modern interpretation of that aesthetic.

These watches are business in the front, party in the back.

At the front, you have the watch face, featuring an abbreviated glimpse of an amorous couple.

But turn these pieces around to reveal a full image of the pair engaging in sex.

Cool, huh?

Each of the collection's two styles—Edo and Meiji—is limited to 300 pieces worldwide, and every watch has a unique serial number.

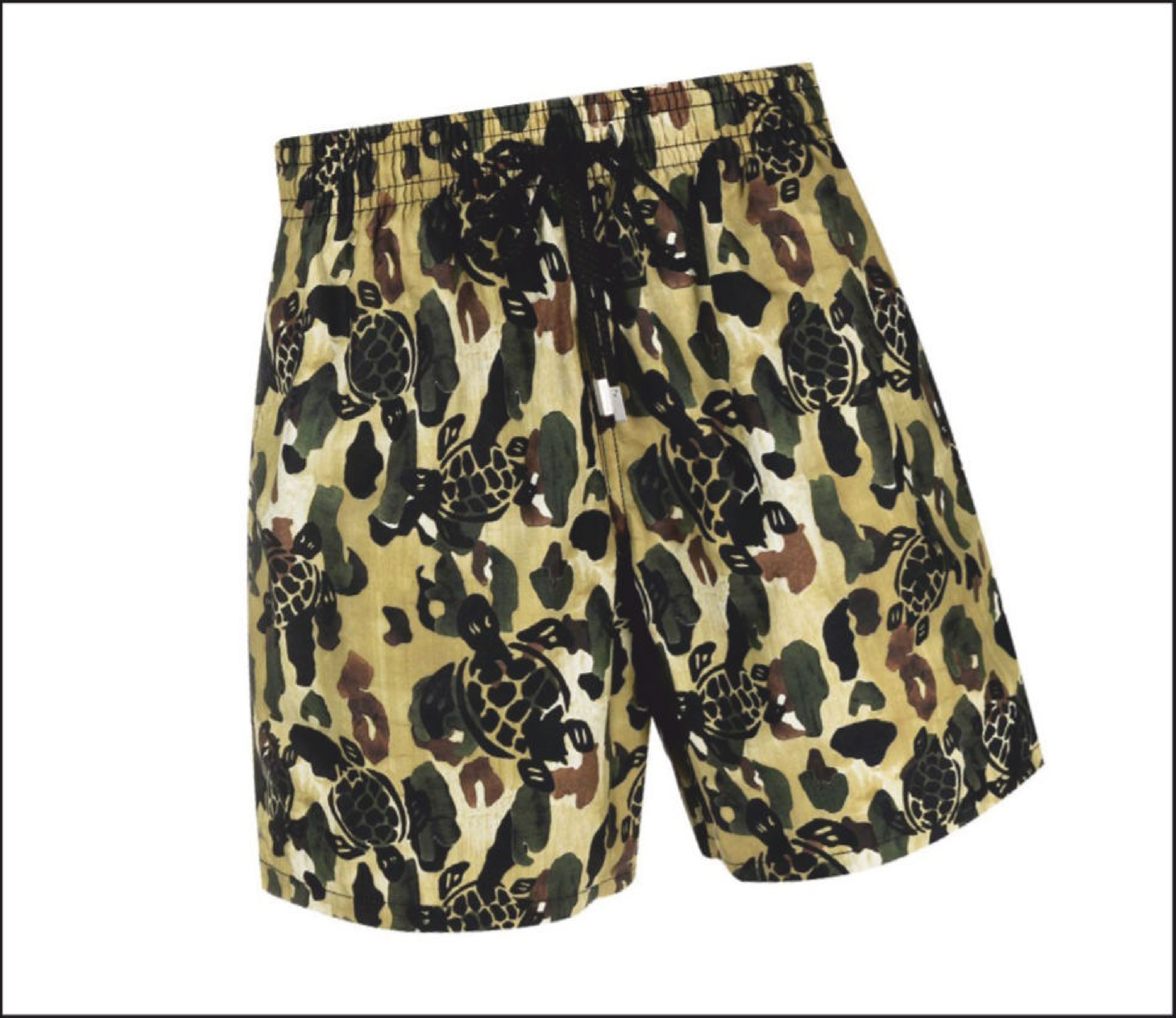
UNDONE, established in 2014, is the world's leading custom wristwatch label. There's a team of industry veterans behind the company to ensure the unique watches go beyond functional fashion; they tell stories.

UNDONE's Shunga Collection explores both the art of escapism by high society in the 17th century and shunga, a type of Japanese erotic art usually executed in the style of ukioy-e.

Translated literally, the word shunga means "picture of spring." Spring is a common Japanese euphemism for sex.

If you want a striking watch that's also a conversation starter—and a signal to women who are also on the prowl—this is it!

CREDIT: UNDONE WATCHES



LUXURIOUS AND LOUD

PALM ANGELS X VILEBREQUIN

COLLABORATIONS. Everyone is at it these days, and long may it continue. No one could possibly have pictured outlandish L.A. skate brand Palm Angels trading ideas with Vilebrequin, a Saint-Tropez swimwear stalwart. But that is exactly what we have here, and the similarities have started to become clear.

Both of these brands are about luxury that screams expression. Whether you're in downtown L.A. or sailing through the Mediterranean, you still need and want to be seen, right?

The collaborative collection between the two, as you may have guessed, centers around shorts. It's playful, it's colorful, and it's everything you want and more. From camouflage colors for those who favor Palm Angels, to beautiful teddy bears for those who like the extroverted French touch, there's something for all.

Each pair features a double Palm Angels/Vilebrequin logo on the front of the waistband, just in case others aren't as sure about the quality you have wrapped around your bum.

As well as appealing to the eye, this collab is appealing to the planet-conscious crowd. All shorts are made from 100 percent recycled polyamide, meaning less overall environmental impact.

Such a sought-after pair of trunks comes with a price tag of around $360, and the fact that this is a one-off collab means you're not likely to see that price drop. Maybe grab a pair before they all go?

CREDIT: FARFETCH.COM.AU

DRESS LIKE THE PITT

BRIONI X BRAD PITT

CREDIT: BRIONI.COM

IF YOU'RE looking for a seriously elegant wardrobe that marries bespoke Italian tailoring with one of Hollywood's most stylish icons, then this Brioni x Brad Pitt collab will leave you salivating.

The luxury Italian house has created a collection based around the actor's laidback style, and the end products are quite outstanding.

Pitt has been the face of Brioni since 2019, regularly sporting their sharp, finely tailored suits on the red carpet. But this is the first time he has had more of a hands-on role and final say on design.

The results have certainly caught our attention, and there is a bit of something for most occasions. For starters, there is a delightful Virgilio Shawl Lapel evening jacket fit for a royal banquet. It is a picture of masculine elegance, blending perfectly with a fine white cotton evening shirt and bow tie.

Looking for something to keep you warm during a luxury winter retreat? Then the Brioni Black and White Cashmere Silk High-Neck will have your dinner guests thinking you have just walked off one of Pitt's film sets!

It's not all about the upper half when it comes to Brioni's immaculate designs, however. Check out the Washed Silk Saba Trousers for proof. These carrot-leg shaped pants are ideal for a slightly more rugged boot and white T-shirt look for those days when the sun peeps through the clouds but style is still of the highest order!

SOCIAL PREMIER

LA DOLCE VITA

INÈS TROCCHIA

PHOTOGRAPHER
MAX THOMPSON
TMS PRODUCTIONS

SUN-KISSED brunette Inès Trocchia hails from Milan, Italy—but the world is her stage. With more than 1 million Instagram followers and countless devoted fans on Twitch, this charismatic Capricorn has an impressive digital presence. But the 26-year-old model is utter perfection in person as these sizzling photos can attest.

Equally appealing in haute couture or hardly anything at all, Inès exudes a captivating blend of glamour, elegance and sex appeal. With her glimmering bronzed skin and shapely figure, it's safe to say this bathing beauty makes temperatures rise wherever she goes.

When it comes to the language of love, worldly-wise Inès can whisper sweet nothings in English, Spanish and her native Italian. But we must confess—looking at her pictures leaves us speechless.

FAST FACTS

- Her favorite workout: "I love being out in nature, so hiking and climbing are two of my favorite ways to work up a sweat."
- Her pet peeve: "I get nervous in crowded places. I need my space."
- Her favorite way to relax: "Floating in a pool, while listening to good music."
- The most exciting place she's ever had sex: "In an elevator."
- Her favorite qualities about herself: "My perseverance and positivity."
- Places she'd like to visit: Tokyo and Bali

INSTAGRAM: @inestrocchia
TWITCH: inestrocchia94
FACEBOOK: inestrocchiaofficial

Ines
Trocchia
XOXO

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FROM PTSD TO PRISON

POST-COMBAT PTSD HAS BEEN LINKED WITH CRIMINALITY IN A SHOCKINGLY HIGH PERCENTAGE OF VETERANS, SO WHAT'S BEING DONE TO HELP OUR HEROES HEAL? **BY JASPER CRAVEN**

JAMES White was just the kind of man the military likes: tough, hardworking and willing to face the fight. Over the course of four grueling tours in Vietnam, he rose through the ranks from a gunner to a helicopter pilot, and then a member of a special operations group. He scouted for missing GIs, conducted reconnaissance into Laos, Cambodia and China, and earned the nickname "Sneaky" after navigating a dense minefield without a scratch. "I would fly and get shot at four to 10 hours every day," White told me. He returned from one particularly harrowing mission with his co-pilot's brain splattered across his flight suit. "I drank single-malt scotch, a fifth of it every night, just to go to sleep," he said.

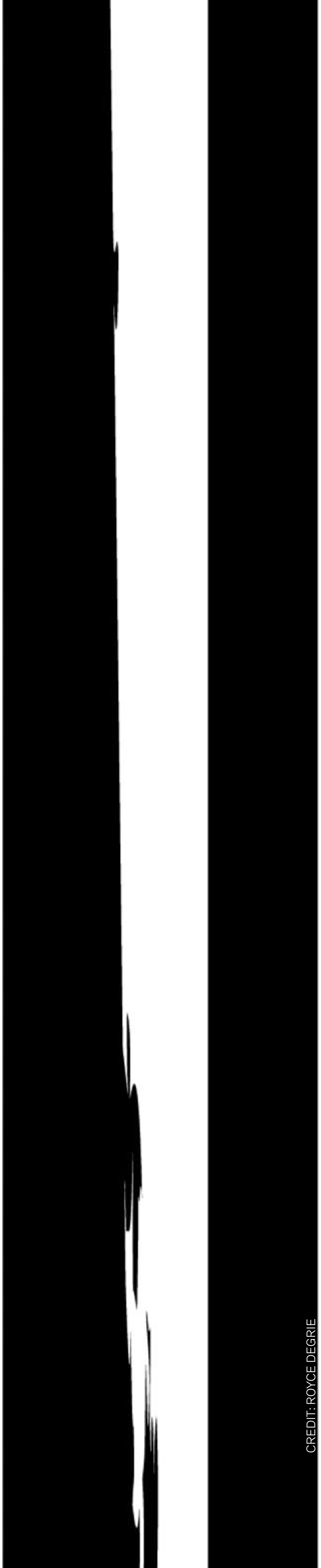
When White left the military after serving for a decade, he had the accessories of an American war hero: He had earned numerous military ribbons and was the first enlisted Marine since World War II to be honored with the Distinguished Flying Cross. Internally, however, he was struggling with untreated mental trauma—and as a result, he was plagued by insomnia, consumed by alcoholism and fueled by adrenaline. He often tested his own will to live, which included taking up skydiving and regularly pulling open his parachute at the last possible second. "When I came home, they said I was a totally different person," he recalled.

White's pain was eased when he found companionship in Nancy Napoli. It was love at first sight as he watched her water her lawn. They married in 1978 and settled in Palm Springs, Calif., where White worked as a construction foreman. But according to White, not long into their union, Napoli's abusive ex-husband began threatening the couple, and then he molested one of Napoli's daughters from a previous relationship. The pair took out restraining orders against the ex, but reportedly, the man repeatedly violated them. "It was an ongoing war," White said. "It was either him or me that was going to die. I guess I became the valor."

Fed up, White dressed in his military fatigues on April 2, 1980, brushed black paint across his face, and drove to the machine shop where the ex worked. Then he shot and killed him.

White would later be diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), but his trial occurred just months after this illness was first recognized by the American Psychiatric Association. In court, White was painted as a crazed Vietnam vet, convicted of murder and given a sentence of life without parole.

He is part of a generation of veterans who have languished behind bars as researchers have cemented connections between military mental trauma and behavioral shifts that



CREDIT: ROYCE DEGRIE

“VETERANS WITH PTSD ARE ABOUT 60 PERCENT MORE LIKELY TO BE CAUGHT UP IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM THAN THOSE WITHOUT IT.”

can lead to run-ins with the law. We now understand PTSD as a disorder that can cause flashbacks, nightmares and hallucinations—and can lead to destructive behavior. According to a 2020 study by the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA), veterans with PTSD are about 60 percent more likely to be caught up in the criminal justice system than those without it.

Studies have also confirmed a long-suspected reality: Incarceration exacerbates mental illness. Yet more than 100,000 veterans remain locked up, a disproportionate number of whom served in Vietnam.

All major American military conflicts—from the Civil War to the invasion of Iraq—have spawned mental health epidemics treated chiefly through punishment and incarceration. But it wasn’t until 1980 that we recognized PTSD, and the Vietnam generation became the first to benefit from a diagnosable condition that could help explain some transgressive behavior. Still, many were swept up in mass incarceration. By 1986, a staggering 20 percent of state prisoners reported prior military service. Two years later, the VA found nearly half of Vietnam veterans with PTSD had been arrested or sent to jail at least once. “When it came to my peers in Vietnam, we became trained killers taught to search out and destroy the enemy,” Floyd “Shad” Meshad, a veteran advocate and friend of White’s, told a reporter in 2018. “And they didn’t de-tune us when we came back.”

White is a living example of how the military—and the public—treats veterans who act on war trauma. And the stigma is even worse for active duty service members facing the military court system, which has exclusive jurisdiction over crimes committed by active members—on or off the battlefield.

Military courts mimic the trappings of the civilian legal system. But, in contrast to civilian courts, military defendants don’t face a jury of their peers; they’re often judged instead by higher-ranking service members handpicked by a general. They can be convicted without the unanimous consent of that jury and have limited avenues for appeal. Many face no trial at all. Instead, they are processed by administrative boards with loose rules about evidence, testimony and the burden of proof. Commanders control cases at nearly every turn, bringing charges, convening the court, supervising prosecutors and picking a jury.

In the military court system, ensuring justice often takes a back seat to competing priorities, particularly the requirement to maintain “good order and discipline.” Sentencing practices are therefore severe and clemency standards narrow. Rampant prejudice against PTSD is exemplified by so-called sanity boards, which are convened to determine whether defendants are mentally fit to stand trial.

Army Major Karl V. Umbrasas, a clinical psychologist, recently analyzed a sampling of service members who had been put through sanity boards—and found that PTSD was almost never treated by the court as the severe mental disease that clinicians deem it to be. “Despite the prevalence of PTSD in the U.S. military, its impact on criminal responsibility in the military justice system is unclear,” he wrote.

For veterans in the civilian legal system, however, there’s hope. One of the largest strides has come through veterans treatment court, the first of which launched in 2008. Today, there are 100 civilian courts in 25 states that provide therapy, mentorship and VA benefits to veterans, including those charged with violent felonies.

While White never enjoyed the compassion of this system, he was given clemency and released from prison in January 2020 at the age of 77. Two days later, he took up the mission of freeing other veterans, work he intends to continue until the day he dies. He corresponds with 300 veteran pen pals locked up across the country, informs them of relevant state laws, helps them fight for parole and connects them to VA benefits once they’re released from prison.

His PTSD makes it impossible for him to get a good night’s sleep, so he conducts much of his advocacy in the wee hours of the morning, following his daily perimeter checks. White begins his messages with his own story and ends on a hopeful note. “I explain who I am, where I served, what I did,” he said. “I want them to know they are talking to a combat vet who knows their experiences. I tell them I did my 40 years, but I came out. I tell them that they can do it. They can hang in there and get it done. It’s important they know someone who has walked in their shoes, so to speak, who’s been able to manage things and be successful. And be free.”

CREDIT: DANIELBENDJY

Call for Models
models@penthouse.com

PENTHOUSE

THE DIGITAL PUNK APOCALYPSE

EXPLORING THE SURREALIST WORLD OF DIGITAL COLLAGE
ARTIST SEANS.JPEG

SEANS.JPEG cooked up a career as a professional food photographer before turning his focus toward capturing mouthwatering images of beautiful nude women. When the 2020 lockdowns started and physical distancing meant that photo shoots were out of the question, the artist dove into creating digital artwork and has never looked back.

Why did you decide to start creating digital collage art?
At first, I was fascinated with portraying women in an artistic way that helped break down the social boundaries about sex and nudity. I've always been interested in pop culture and the restrictive nature of our society regarding sex and recreational drug use, like psychedelics. It has always astonished me how most people are content to live this cookie-cutter life that's forced upon us by social norms. So naturally I try to add a shred of relief to this stigma by creating art that can make you laugh or smile or question. Everything I've ever created has a purpose, mostly in metaphors or clever visual puns, to try to push my viewer to think deeper into the meaning.

Where do you find inspiration for your art?
Everything from social media, politics, news, pop culture through the years and music. I constantly consume media to fish for ideas and write them down as soon as they come to me.

What's involved in creating one of your images?
Just a great imagination and Photoshop.

What do you think is the driving force behind the trend of collage art right now?
I feel there is a strong uptrend in this style of art now, since the massive fame of artists like Slimesunday, who is also a large inspiration for me. But it's about taking ideas and making them your own.

As Austin Kleon said, "Every new idea is just a mashup or a remix of one or more previous ideas."

What are you working on at the moment?
Presently, I just dove into the NFT space and had a tremendous response.

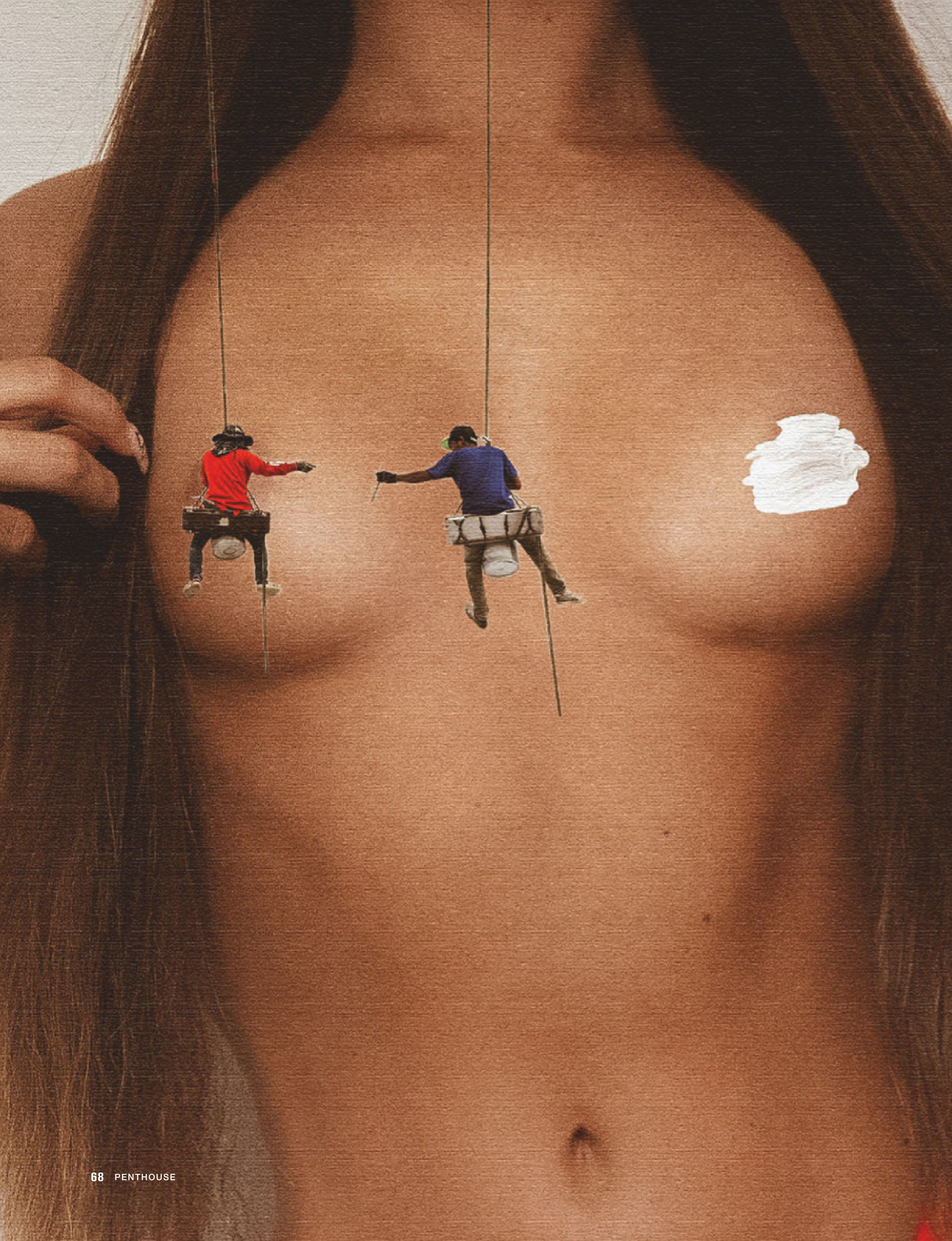
I'm currently working on a specific collection that will be called "Where's my mind" on OpenSea, so that should be ready within a few weeks. I'm also working on a collaborative project with a famous photographer for another big NFT drop that should be launching soon. We are just ironing out the details at the moment.

Tell us something interesting about you.
I have spent the most part of 10 years of my life traveling the world. I have no idea how many countries I've been to, but I've ventured from the jungles of Thailand all the way to the ice caps of Iceland. ❶

INSTAGRAM: **@seans.jpg**

> **"EVERYTHING I'VE EVER CREATED HAS A PURPOSE, MOSTLY IN METAPHORS OR CLEVER VISUAL PUNS, TO TRY TO PUSH MY VIEWER TO THINK DEEPER INTO THE MEANING."**

BLUE ORIGIN



20 QUESTIONS WITH

PENTHOUSE PET

JAYDEN COLE

MANYVIDS EXCLUSIVE PHOTOSET & INTERVIEW

Photography: Dominic Lachance

What is your favorite thing about working in the adult industry?

The personal freedom that I have been able to enjoy in my career is immeasurable. I can basically work anytime, from anywhere. I love bringing my followers along for all my adventures, and the harder you work, the more results you see, no matter what your goals are!

What inspired you to work as a content creator?

I never really thought of myself as a content creator; I feel like I just naturally progressed into it. I don't think I would have been prepared for getting to have a say in every aspect of my content when I first started shooting. I'm so happy to have gotten the experience early on in the industry shooting for other companies to gain the knowledge and experience necessary to eventually have total control over every aspect of my productions.

Who is your hero?

My hero is myself. Looking back on how I've handled life's challenges and obstacles, I'm proud of how I went about everything with strength and grace, staying true to myself, and never let anyone bring me down to their level. I never let anyone or anything keep me from staying kind and finding joy every day.

What is your favorite color?

My favorite color is anything that has a blue/green/teal shade; it reminds me of the ocean and nature.

What type of movies do you enjoy watching?

I'm honestly horrible with movies. I don't remember the last one I saw from beginning to end; no movies have really gotten my attention over the past decade, but I love documentaries and nature shows!

If you could change anything in this world, what would it be?

I feel like there are quite a few things that this world needs in order to have a bright future for the next generations to come. I'd probably start by limiting everyone's access to the internet, myself included, and remind everyone daily that there's no value in being better than anyone else.

What do you look for in your partners?

I really look for someone humble and true to who they are. No acts, no role-playing, no trying too hard to impress others. Just honest and comfortable in their own skin.

What is your favorite travel destination?

I like to go where there is good scuba diving! Basically, anywhere I can dive every morning, lay on the beach all afternoon and eat well every night.

If you could go anywhere in the world, where would it be?

I've already knocked a few of my top destinations off my list, but when I get more experience diving, I will be going to the Galapagos Islands!

If you had a superpower, what would it be?

I wouldn't mind being invisible sometimes.

What is the most important thing in your life?

Family and taking care of myself!

What is your favorite hobby?

Honestly, it changes every so often! I always loved cooking and preparing meals, so I starting making jams, syrups and pickles last year! I've got it all dialed in now, and I've been bit by the canning bug, so I'm preserving everything I make. I'm constantly giving away small batches to everyone I know.

What is something you can't resist?

Tom Ford men's cologne. It doesn't matter if it's on a man or a woman; if I smell it, I'm intrigued.

What's something nobody knows about you?

I moved to Montana this year and started a new business selling berries and other fruits and vegetables to different local vendors. I plan on expanding every year with different varieties of sustainably sourced products. Montana has a great program (Made in Montana) where they prioritize locally made products in every big commercial store and market to incentivize people to keep farming.

What's your idea of a perfect date?

I cook a lot at home, so when I go out, I like to get dressed up, have a three-hour dinner at a fancy restaurant, then go home, put comfy clothes on and have some good dessert, whether that's food or my date's company. Simple, but so good!

What is the most random fact about Jayden Cole?

I'm taking cooking classes. My next one is all about ravioli!

What's your guilty pleasure?

Currently, I'm on a Woodford Reserve kick.

What is your favorite comfort food?

I lived in coastal Georgia for most of my childhood, so my favorite comfort food is gumbo and biscuits.

Are you a morning or night person?

Definitely a morning person! I love being up before the world is awake.

Do you enjoy staying in or going out on the town?

Staying in 90 percent. Going out 10 percent. That's my perfect balance.

SEE MORE OF THIS VISION BY GOING TO
JaydenCole.ManyVids.com

A MOMENT IN TIME

PHOTOGRAPHER
@JOVAFILMS

JOVA is a San Francisco-based photographer and videographer, whose cinematic photographs of nude women painted in natural light evoke film stills—and may leave viewers feeling like voyeurs witnessing intimate moments.

Penthouse spoke with Jova about how he went from being a fashion photographer to shooting nudes, his favorite photo shoot and how his work straddles the fine line between beauty and vulgarity.

How would you describe your work?
Simple, pretty, effortless. I have embraced those three words for a while, as a way to describe the majority of my shoots. I love to capture moments where the model is expressing an emotion or a feeling, but also allow them to feel natural and tell a story. These words also extend to the wardrobe, props and even hair and makeup. The more organic everything looks and feels the better.

How did you get into photography?
My shoots early on were fashion shoots. I would photograph a lot of fashion shows and do photo shoots for designers for their websites. During one fashion show, I met a person who owned a nude magazine. I then booked my first nude photo shoot with a very experienced model. I was very nervous and had the worst possible gear, but showed up anyway. Daria was an angel. She patiently guided me that day. My confidence in doing nude photo shoots went from zero to 100.

What draws you to shooting nudes and erotic imagery?
I have always loved doing shoots where the model is in the most natural state. I love to create beautiful shapes and moods, where the model can express herself and feel confident and powerful. It is very rewarding to see a woman feel absolutely beautiful and empowered, while showcasing her sensuality in the nude.

What makes a photo sensual to you?
A combination of mood, pose and setting. Telling a story is not as easy as it sounds. It takes effort from both the model and the photographer to create the right mood and capture it in a way that is elevated and classy. There is a fine line between beautiful art and vulgar work.

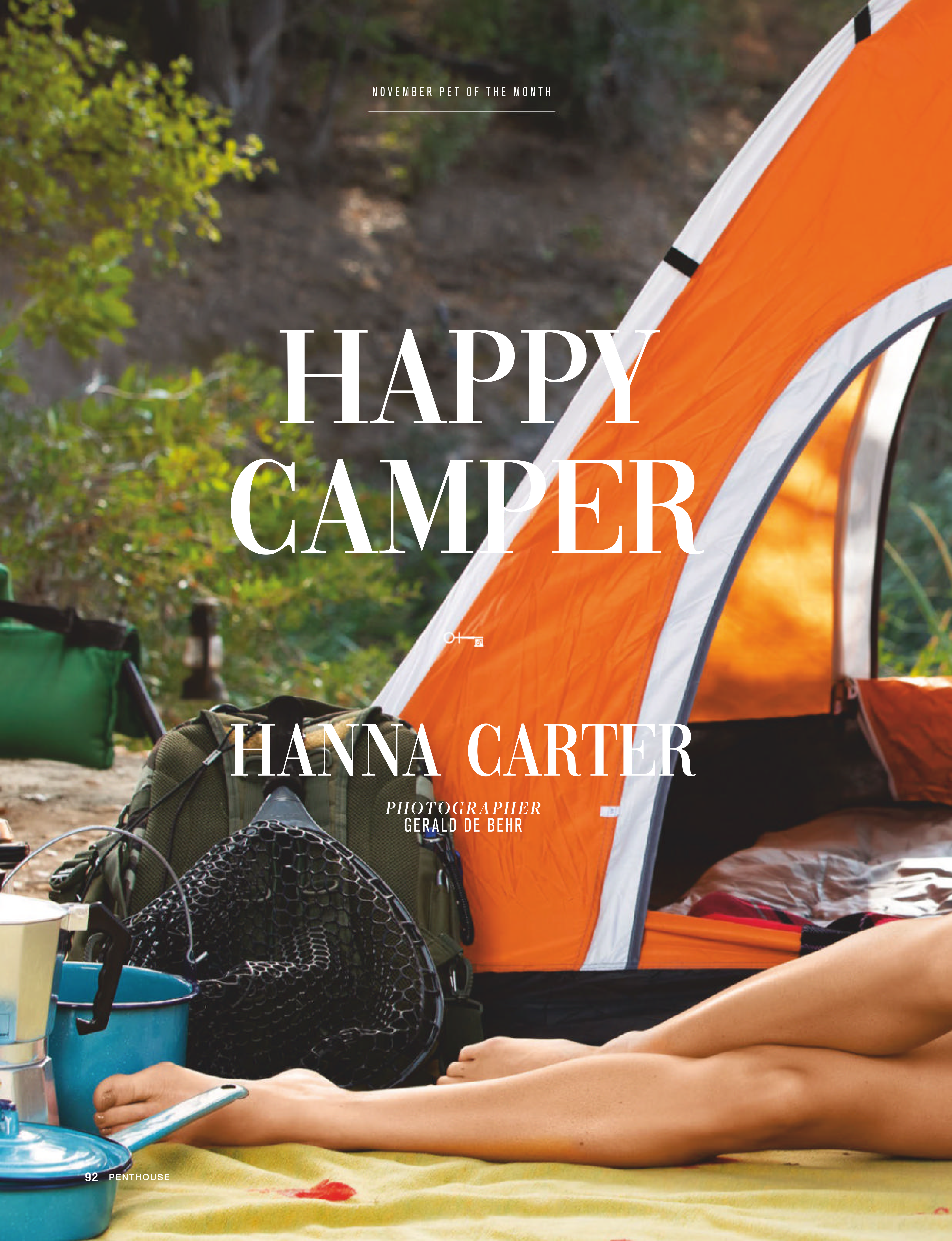
Tell us about your favorite photo shoot.
My most recent trip to Joshua Tree with Deisy Leon was one of my most favorite shoots. We spent four days shooting, and we created several incredible photo sets. We managed to explore the park and found some amazing locations, including the place we stayed.

WEBSITE: **jovafilms.com**
INSTAGRAM: **@jovafilms**
PATREON: **jovafilms**

expecto patronum

The Debut
Anita Brookner
The Debut

POSE FOR
PENTHOUSE
MODELS@PENTHOUSE.COM



NOVEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

HAPPY CAMPER

HANNA CARTER

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR

“I’M A CATCH!”

—HANNA

HANNA CARTER

GLOBE-TROTTING Hanna Carter has put down roots in L.A., but this beach-loving babe admits she's here, there and everywhere—and now she's also in the pages of *Penthouse* as November's Pet. The green-eyed brunette makes her living as a model and loves to travel in her spare time. But if the mysterious stunner didn't spend her days posing in front of the camera, she reveals she'd like to work for the CIA. While it's hard to imagine someone as gorgeous as Hanna going undercover, we'd gladly let this arresting beauty give us the third degree. Standing at a petite 5-foot-3, Hanna is proof that good things come in small packages. But don't be fooled by her height—she's full of limitless talent, sass and sexiness!

Where's the most exciting place you've ever had sex?
I once had really great sex in a car. To me, there's something exciting about getting it on in places that aren't typical—and it's even more hot if there's a real chance you'll get caught!

Describe your ideal guy.
A man who is confident, successful and honest. Someone who knows how to take care of his woman and goes the extra mile to do so.

What gets you in trouble?
My brutal honesty. I'm the kind of girl who doesn't hesitate to say what's on my mind, which not everyone can fully appreciate.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?
I once threw a huge party in a brand-new house that was empty and up for sale!

If you could live anywhere, where would it be?
I would probably choose Australia because they have so many beautiful beaches.

What do you typically sleep in?
Cheeky panties—and nothing else!

AGE: 24
HEIGHT: 5'3"
MEASUREMENTS: 32D-22-31
HOMETOWN: Sacramento, Calif.
INSTAGRAM: @hannabeeei

Hanna Carter
XOXO

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS
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ESCAPE

REPORT

FROM KABUL

THE FALLOUT FROM AMERICA'S WHIRLWIND EVACUATION OF AFGHANISTAN—AND THE TALIBAN'S RESURGENCE—HAS YET TO BE FULLY DETERMINED, BUT THERE'S NO DOUBT THE DARING PINEAPPLE EXPRESS CREW SAVED COUNTLESS LIVES.

CREDIT: PHOTOGRAPHICSOLUTIONSUK

AMID the chaotic U.S. pullout of Afghanistan, an intrepid collection of military heroes helped shepherd more than a thousand people to safety in an ad hoc effort dubbed the Pineapple Express, which allowed evacuees to fly out of the power-keg country. Although the fallout from America's whirlwind evacuation—and the Taliban's resurgence—has yet to be fully determined, one thing's certain: The brave crew's daring and dangerous mission saved numerous lives.

According to President Joe Biden's Aug. 20 speech, since the prior month the U.S. had evacuated more than 18,000 people from Afghanistan. However, many more were still clamoring for a way out, including U.S. citizens and Afghans who'd worked alongside American troops during the country's 20-year conflict and feared for their lives and those of their families. But as rescue efforts ramped up, so did the violence of brutal Taliban fighters, who added heavily militarized checkpoints along roads leading to the city of Kabul's Hamid Karzai International Airport.

Sources claimed vengeful militants were going door to door in an effort to hunt down people who had worked with U.S. and coalition forces and three captured Afghan National Army commanders were hanged by the Taliban in Kabul. But many fear the turmoil is just the beginning of a vast humanitarian crisis for the country's 38 million citizens.

During the final two weeks of August, more than 100,000 were airlifted out of the war-torn nation, and some made their heart-stopping escape under the cover of night with the help of the Pineapple Express.

As Taliban fighters armed with AK-47s menaced terrified civilians, current and former members of U.S. special operations forces units, intelligence operatives and aid workers quietly located and moved multiple groups of endangered individuals to the safety of the airport's U.S. military-controlled side, so they could fly to freedom. Those looking for assistance displayed cellphone images of pineapples as an agreed-upon secret code to identify themselves, which is how the rescue group earned their unofficial name: Task Force Pineapple.

Former U.S. Army Green Beret turned social studies teacher Zac Lois was one of the veterans who joined the crew's coordinated ground efforts, which involved communicating with allies via encrypted chats and securing documentation to help people pass through checkpoints.

Ahead of the U.S. government's Aug. 31 military evacuation deadline, Lois—who spent 12 years in the armed forces, including tours in Iraq and Afghanistan—told FOX News, "We have developed kind of an underground railroad. We have shepherds that guide flocks ... It's special operations personnel coaching, teaching, guiding and advising, in most cases, our brothers that we served with.

> “DURING THE FINAL TWO WEEKS OF AUGUST, MORE THAN 100,000 WERE AIRLIFTED OUT OF THE WAR-TORN NATION.”

"The U.S. government is sending us people as well that need help getting out, so we are in coordination and we are working with the U.S. government."

Task Force Pineapple's mission was well underway on Aug. 26 when a suicide bomber, believed to be an ISIS terrorist, detonated a device that killed at least 13 U.S. service members and 170 Afghans and injured many others.

Army Lt. Col. Scott Mann, a retired Green Beret commander who led the rescue effort, told ABC News, "Dozens of high-risk individuals, families with small children, orphans and pregnant women, were secretly moved through the streets of Kabul throughout the night and up to just seconds before ISIS detonated a bomb into the huddled mass of Afghans seeking safety and freedom."

CITY OF KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

CREDIT: CHRISTOPHE_CERISIER / AHDESIGNCONCEPTS / GUVENDEMIR

C-17 MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE GETTING READY FOR DEPARTURE AT KABUL'S AIRPORT IN AFGHANISTAN

SPECIAL FORCES CONVOY ALONG THE MOUNTAINOUS HELMAND

KABUL'S INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

> “DESPITE THE COWARDLY ATTACK, MORE THAN 100 AFGHANS WERE ABLE TO EVACUATE VIA PLANE THAT DAY.”

Despite the cowardly attack, more than 100 Afghans were able to evacuate via plane that day, and Mann added, “This Herculean effort couldn't have been done without the unofficial heroes inside the airfield, who defied their orders to not help beyond the airport perimeter, by wading into sewage canals and pulling in these targeted people who were flashing pineapples on their phones.”

Mann initially launched Task Force Pineapple to help an Afghan commando who'd once served with him and was receiving death threats from the Taliban. Once the soldier and his family of six were rescued, the group expanded their mission to aid other allies who were desperate to flee.

Army Maj. Jim Gant—a retired Green Beret known as “Lawrence of Afghanistan” for his savvy wartime expertise—was also part of the effort and said, “I have been involved in some of the most incredible missions and operations that a special forces guy could be a part of, and I have never been a part of anything more incredible than this.

“The bravery and courage and commitment of my brothers and sisters in the Pineapple community was greater than the U.S. commitment on the battlefield.”

Retired U.S. Marine Mick Mulroy, a onetime former deputy assistant secretary of defense, was part of both Task Force Pineapple and Task Force Dunkirk, another group that assisted evacuees and was named after the famous World War II rescue mission.

“They never wavered,” Mulroy said of his former Afghan comrades. “I and many of my friends are here today because of their bravery in battle. We owe them all effort to get them out and honor our word.”

Chicago's Rep. Adam Kinzinger, himself a U.S. Air Force veteran, praised Task Force Pineapple and said, “They're going to be heroes, and movies are going to be made some day.”

However, in September, task force member and retired SEAL Jason Redman, who had a 21-year career with the U.S. Navy, admitted their work was not done.

Redman expressed concern for allies still among the enemy and said the group is focusing on keeping them safe until they can be extracted.

“Our motto is ‘Leave no man behind,’ so it's not about the ‘left,’ it's not about the ‘right.’ It's about what's right. We're Americans. It's what we do—we take care of people that took care of us,” said Redman, who called Afghan allies “as American as you and I.”

He explained, “Right now, we're focused on keeping our people safe—giving them shelter, food, clothing, medical necessities until we're able to get these individuals out of Afghanistan ... Let's get these American heroes out.”

CREDIT: GUVENDEMIR

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DECEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

SLEEPING BEAUTY

AMBER MARIE

PHOTOGRAPHER
STUDIO 977

DREAMY Amber Marie is a knockout with her kissable lips and incredible curves, and we're thrilled to introduce her as December's Penthouse Pet. When she was just 18, the adventurous West Coast native answered wanderlust's call and traveled across the country. Having worked as a bartender, security guard and exotic dancer, she ultimately settled in Florida, where she's let her sunny personality shine. When she's not modeling, the brown-eyed beauty explores her creative side through photography, drawing and painting. But we think she's a work of art all by herself.

AMBER MARIE

What are your favorite food and drinks?
Tacos, root beer and champagne.

If you could spend the day doing anything, what would it be?
I've always wanted to ride in a hot-air balloon. It seems so romantic to float along with the clouds. I've also always wanted to be a member of the mile-high club, so I guess I'm attracted to the wild blue yonder!

Do you collect anything?
Shoes. I adore gorgeous high heels. Wearing them makes me feel powerful and sexy.

How would you describe yourself?
I'm artistic and enjoy expressing myself through creative projects and modeling. Personality-wise, I can be silly and goofy. I have a good sense of humor, and I'm a very giving person.

What's the sexiest quality someone can possess?
A good heart.

What gets you in trouble?
My looks. I'm a bad girl—in the best possible way.

What do you usually sleep in?
Nothing at all.

AGE: 26
HEIGHT: 5'1"
MEASUREMENTS: 32DDD-22-24
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Amber
Marie
XOXO

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FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

TWO FOR THE ROAD

The vacation thing was becoming an issue—in both my marriage and Dorothy's. Dorothy is my best friend. We'd gone to school together, been one another's maids of honor, etc. She's a huge part of my life.

I was married to Liam, and Dorothy was wedded to Jason. Both our husbands had been promising us a vacation, one we'd all go on together.

Liam and Jason worked for the same company, and they'd been hinting for a week that they might not be able to get away from work, after all.

"I swear," I said to Dorothy over an evening glass of wine, "if they renege, I'm going to lose my shit."

"You and me both, sister." She grimly clinked glasses with me.

The next day the axe came down. Liam sheepishly came to me and said there was a project he and Jason couldn't abandon.

Despite what I'd said to Dorothy, I didn't flip out. I loved my husband, and I understood the bind he was in. My disappointment was extreme, but I would have to learn to live with it.

"But Jason and I talked it over," he continued. "We feel you and Dorothy should go somewhere together—just the two of you. What do you think, Carol?"

Suddenly, I was full of excitement. Dorothy and me cutting loose together? We'd been hell-raisers in college, partying and dating and just plain hooking up like it was all going out of style.

What would it be like for us now, as a pair of married chicks?

I convened with Dorothy that night and discovered Jason had floated the same idea past her. She, too, was bristling with anticipation. We both thought a girls' getaway would be awesome. But where to go?

"Let's do it old school. A road trip!" she exclaimed. She stumbled over her own words in her excitement. "It'll be like that movie—'Ella & Lois!'"

I laughed at her mistake, but I understood her intended reference. However, I had no intention of driving off a cliff.

But a deeper enthusiasm began to flower within me, an exhilaration I hadn't felt in some while. It was the old hellcat in me, the slinky party girl eager for a good time.

Dorothy and I finalized our plans. Since we didn't have to worry about plane fare, we decided to rent ourselves a spacious convertible. We would just hit the road, driving whichever way our whims took us.

As the days passed, my naughty-girl feeling stayed with me. I knew I was still a hot piece of ass, but marriage—happy though it was—had taken some of the edge off me. Although it seemed that attitude was trying to roar back to life.

On the night before we were set to leave, Liam dealt me a serious surprise. We'd just made love and were nuzzling together, when he said, "I want you to have fun on this trip, babe. I mean, whatever kind of fun you want. You deserve it."

I blinked in the dark, and with suspicion lacing my voice, I asked, "What do you mean?"

"Jason and I talked about it. We screwed up our vacation plans and feel bad. You and Dorothy should have a free pass to do anything you like on this road trip."

I was stunned—and quite moved. Again, Dorothy got the same pitch from her man. We were both still in a state of amazement when we said goodbye to our spouses the next morning and pulled out of town in the big convertible.

We hit the highway with the top down and the music blaring. Dorothy let out a howl, and I matched it. She was clearly feeling the same sense of exhilaration.

"It's like the old days!" I shouted.

It wasn't entirely, of course. We weren't currently hooked up with random guys or bouncing from party to party. We were just two married women driving fast on a road to nowhere. But I felt so damn free.

"Hey, remember that one party?" Dorothy asked.

I knew what she meant before she even launched into the story.

We'd gotten word of a house party off campus. It was our routine to cruise any gathering for hot guys. Not that we always picked up, but it was fun to flirt and soak up attention.

That night, though, I remembered feeling especially horny. I was full of pent-up stress that needed relieving.

At the party, which was a wild one, we hit it off with a pair of good-looking guys name Curt and Derek. They were both smart and witty and doing their best to be appealing. I traded looks with Dorothy, and we decided to cut to the chase.

Curt lived at the house where the party was being held. At my suggestion, he led us up into his bedroom. There was a bed and a futon. Curt and I sat on the mattress. Dorothy and Derek went to the futon, where they started making out.

Curt and I did the same. He was a good kisser. His tongue moved quickly but not sloppily. When he tentatively touched my breast through my blouse, I sighed with pleasure. After that, his touches got more bold.

I groped him right back as my excitement rose. I wanted to fuck him, but I was very aware of Dorothy and Derek on the other side of the room. But when I glanced over, panting with lust, I saw they were halfway undressed and showing no signs of bashfulness.

MODEL: CAT / PHOTOGRAPHER: PERRY WINKLE

I figured Dorothy and I'd done nearly everything else together. It was probably just a matter of time before we screwed guys in the same room.

Curt and I tore each other out of our clothes. I took hold of his throbbing cock, while he fingered my pussy. Excitement burned inside me, stiffening my nipples and making my clit hum. Curt wasted no time diddling my love nub. In seconds, I was ready for him to screw me silly.

I climbed on top of him, fitting his thick knob against the entrance of my pussy. As I lowered myself onto his sturdy shaft, pleasure bloomed through me. I planted my palms on his hard pecs and ground down on him, taking every inch of his glorious erection.

Curt's strong hands clapped over my hips. As I started to ride him, he lifted me up and pulled me down, making sure I landed hard on him with every downstroke. I liked that. I bounced even more energetically on him as he also thrust up into me. Pleasure built in me, and I felt my climax coming on strong, sending vibrations into every corner of my body. All my tensions were culminating, and thanks to that hot stud, I knew I would soon find release.

Two voices cried out at the same time. I whipped my head around, having somehow forgotten about Dorothy and Derek. They were in the throes of what was obviously a mutual climax. Dorothy looked beautiful as orgasmic fire consumed her.

Seeing her reaction set me off, and my pussy clenched around Curt's cock. Seconds later, I felt him shoot ropes of hot come up into me. I was consumed by sexual bliss as my orgasm rocked me.

Afterward, I climbed off and lay back on the rumpled bed. My eyes were closed when I felt Curt get up. A minute later, I thought he was climbing back onto the bed, and I was entertaining the idea of another go-round, depending on how quick he could recover.

But when I opened my eyes, I saw naked Derek had lain down beside me. He asked, "Do you want to?"

His dick was already halfway hard, and I thought he was at least as cute as Curt. I glanced past him, over at the futon where Curt was lying with Dorothy. She and I exchanged grins.

I lay back and let Derek climb aboard. He slid his cock inside me and started stroking in and out of my snatch. Fresh pleasure awoke from the ashes of the old. Soon I was pumping my hips upward, my fingers raking his back as he pounded me.

The four orgasms that next wracked the room's occupants came one after the other. I let out a celebratory moan, followed by those of Dorothy, Derek and Curt.

Back in the present, Dorothy and I were crossing warm desert country as she finished summarizing that night, one I would never be able to forget. It struck me that we were literally free to do something like that again. We actually had our husbands' permission!

"His come shot up into me as I climaxed. It was like fireworks, freedom and ecstasy."

I wasn't sure I would do anything like that on our trip. I loved Liam and had never seriously considered cheating on him. I knew Dorothy felt the same about Jason. Maybe we would just cruise around the highways, taking in random sights.

But if we wanted to, we could grab us some strange cock!

That evening, we pulled into a motel in a medium-sized town, booked a room, asked the desk clerk for a good restaurant and headed out to dinner.

As we finished eating, Dorothy said, "We should hit a bar, and see what the local action's like."

I bit my lip, but then replied, "I guess it wouldn't hurt to look."

Despite my initial reaction, I felt a stirring deep in my pussy. Dorothy's eyes glittered with mischief. We both knew what we were potentially getting ourselves into—but we were helpless to stop ourselves.

We went to a nearby honky-tonk. There was a band playing and a good-sized crowd dancing. We didn't even reach the bar before two guys offered to buy us beers. They were a nice-looking pair and gave off good vibes, so we accepted their hospitality.

"I'm Pete. This is my buddy Nate," said one.

"I'm Ella," I said. "This is my best friend, Lois."

Dorothy snorted into her beer, but went along with it.

We drank and chatted with the guys. It was obvious they were interested in boning us. Natural attraction did its work, and Pete gravitated toward me, while Nate drifted in Dorothy's direction.

When our bottles were dry, we hit the dance floor. Pete had good moves. I liked how he worked his body and found myself moving closer to him. My heart was racing. I hadn't danced like that with a man other than Liam in a long time.

Desire was growing in me, and there was no denying it. I let my body bump against Pete's, feeling his bulging erection.

When the song ended, I excused myself, grabbed Dorothy and hurried her into the restroom. I was about to ask her if she thought we could, well, maybe start to think about doing something with the guys, when she cut me off.

"I want Nate. Tonight. Now. Do you want to bring Pete back to the motel, too?"

There it was. Black and white.

"I want him," I heard myself say.

We went back out and asked them if they'd like to come to our room. They didn't have to think about it. They followed our convertible in their own car. Everything felt dreamy and surreal. The night had a strange glow to it, and my spirit was light, like I could have floated back to the motel.

Our room had two beds, separated by a few feet. I took Pete's hand and towed him to one, while Dorothy escorted Nate to the other. Both men wore excited looks on their handsome faces. They'd probably never imagined their night would work out so well.

I stood at the foot of the bed, still holding Pete's hand. I waited to feel a surge of guilt, but all I heard was Liam's voice, telling me to have fun—and that was what I intended to do.

Pete moved and kissed me. I mashed my mouth against his, spearing my tongue past his lips. He met my thrust with one of his own, kissing me back ardently as his arms enclosed me. I pressed up against his hard body and ground my crotch shamelessly on his, feeling his stiff erection.

Peripherally, I was aware of Dorothy doing similar stuff with her guy. It was like that bygone night happening all over again. We would screw in the same room.

Emboldened, I embraced that exhibitionistic aspect. I tugged at Pete's clothes. When he started undressing me, I helped and soon I was naked. His rock-hard cock stood straight out, and I wrapped my fingers around his shaft, squeezing it firmly. Pete groaned with delight.

I led him up onto the bed. Side by side, we kissed wildly. His callused fingers closed over my breast, and I moaned with pleasure as he squeezed. He caught my stiff nipple between two fingers and applied pressure, thrilling me.

I ran my hands over his body, groping his firm butt. I reached between us and cradled his balls. His cockhead throbbed against my flat belly.

He shifted and kissed his way down my neck. He moved further downward, pausing to suck my tits. My body felt so alive, so attuned, and yet it felt, on one level, like it belonged to someone else. In a way, maybe it did. I was Ella, after all! But none of that diminished the rising tide of sexual joy I felt.

When I recognized what Pete was up to, I shifted onto my back and spread my legs. He slipped down between them, kissing my stomach and playfully flicking his tongue into my navel. I squealed with happiness.

He continued moving down until his breath tickled my damp pussy lips, and I lifted my head to watch him lick me. His tongue swiped up and down my slit, making me tremble.

When he plunged his tongue into me, my hips bucked. Next, he zeroed in skillfully on my swollen clit. I rolled my head on the pillow, gasping with every new surge of pleasure. Climactic energy gathered within me. I reached between my legs for Pete's head, laced my fingers into his hair and came with a groan. It was fantastic.

Afterward, I went slack with post-orgasmic contentment. I glanced over and saw Dorothy and Nate going at it energetically.

My postcoital daze cleared as Pete climbed atop me. He set his cockhead to my well-licked pussy. I grinned, nodding, and he immediately pushed inside. I gasped again, relishing the sensation of a stranger's cock. I didn't know Pete's last name. Heck, he didn't even actually know my first. But that night he was my lover.

He stroked into me. I lifted my knees toward my shoulders, inviting every inch of him inside, and he plowed me deep—his mouth glistening with my pussy juices. Impulsively, I pulled his face down and kissed him, tasting my own flavor.

That bold act seemed to excite him seriously. He fucked me harder and faster. I heard and felt the meaty slaps of his flesh against my body.

I bucked my hips to match his furious strokes. His whole body was quivering and getting ready to unload.

I was right there with him, primed for my second climax. As he released a final moan and started jetting, I was swept away by ecstasy on his hot spurts of cream.

From the other bed, I heard the sounds of similar orgasmic throes. Nate must have just shot his spunk into Dorothy, carrying her off to carnal nirvana based on the noises she made.

Eventually, Pete rolled off me and lay with half-lidded eyes, his mouth slack in a dreamy smile.

Dorothy and I stood up at the same time, so in sync we didn't even need to coordinate ourselves. We were of the same mind, determined to recreate that crazy night of long ago.

We paused to high-five each other in passing, then leaned in for a kiss. Her lips were lovely and soft, and the contact kindled an unexpected pleasure in me. She gave my tit a gentle squeeze, and I reached around to briefly grope her ass.

Then we each went on our way, heading for the other bed, where a spent man lay.

Nate didn't seem to realize what was going on until I was hunkered between his legs, cradling his nuts and lowering my mouth to his half-hard organ. I wanted him fully erect, and blowing him was the easiest way to get him there, I figured.

I tasted Dorothy's cunt on his cock as I sucked him down to his balls. The flavor further aroused me. Nate must have been getting a thrill out of my effort, too, since he got as hard as a steel shaft in a matter of seconds.

On the other bed, Dorothy was orally worshiping Pete. I hoped she liked my taste on his rod.

I climbed onto Nate and lowered my pussy onto his cock. He gazed up at me longingly, reaching up to caress my tits. I started riding him, and a fresh swell of pleasure flared through my body.

I didn't dally. I rocked on him with merciless joy. My head whipped from side to side, and the mattress squeaked beneath us. A fiery rapture opened up within me. As it started to take me, Nate cried out, "Ella! Ella!"

His come shot up into me as I climaxed. It was like fireworks, freedom and ecstasy. Incredible.

The guys didn't stay the night. We sent them on their way, then Dorothy and I stood there, naked and sweaty, before taking each other's hands and heading to the nearest bed. We'd done everything else together, so why not?

—C. Parker

If you're a sexual adventurer, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to Penthouse Letters, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

APPROVED

PENTHOUSE FORUM

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS, KNOCK BOOTS!

OH, MAMA!

As a foreign-born college student living in the U.S. year-round, I don't often get to visit home. Fortunately, I'm dating Jillian, whose family has been kind enough to show me some of that famous Southern hospitality—especially Jill's mom, Jacquelyn.

One night, Jill decided to go to bed early, leaving me alone in the backyard hot tub. Well, I wasn't alone for long. The light in Jill's window went out, then Jacquelyn stepped onto the patio clad in nothing but a tiny towel.

"Want some company?" she asked, already moving toward the tub.

The fingers of one hand went slack up top, where she held together the towel, allowing the terry cloth to part.

Jacquelyn's bare breasts were soon revealed. Unlike those of her pert and petite daughter, Jacquelyn's tits could not be contained. They swung enticingly as she leaned over the tub to test the water's warmth.

I was so transfixed by her tits that I'd briefly forgotten to answer her question.

Nevertheless, Jacquelyn was already perched on the edge of the tub. The towel lay bunched around her hips, leaving her torso completely exposed.

A cool breeze blew past, and Jacquelyn's nipples hardened right before my eyes.

"Don't let me get cold out here," she cooed. She dipped her fingers in the water and swirled them around. "Not when the water is so nice and warm."

I ripped my tongue from where it was glued to the roof of my mouth and stammered, "Y-yes. Please, do join me."

"With pleasure," she purred.

Jacquelyn swung her legs over the side of the tub and dangled them in the water. She lifted her arms over her head and stretched, arching her back so her voluptuous tits seemed to point to the sky.

Her legs opened wider, causing the towel to fully fall away. That let me see Jacquelyn wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing. Her pussy hair was trimmed in a heart shape.

I found myself wondering what it might be like to run the pads of my thumbs over the soft patch of hair. There was something intriguing about the closely cropped curls. I wanted to run my tongue over its velvety softness and rub it against my cheeks.

"You like what you see," Jacquelyn drawled.

It wasn't a question. She could see I was salivating at the sight of her.

"Tell me what you're thinking," she said.

Throwing caution to the wind, I blurted out exactly what was on my mind: "I'm thinking about what it might be like to nuzzle your mound. I'm wondering what it would feel like if I ran my lips over your curls and down to your clit."

"Well," she replied, "there's only one way to find out."

She braced her hands on the edge of the hot tub and spread her legs, so I could see her glistening pink folds.

"Come on, cutie. Satisfy your curiosity."

Her lips lifted into a coquettish grin.

"I won't tell—promise," she said with a wink.

At that point, I didn't give a flying fuck about who might find out about us.

I crossed the hot tub and buried my head between the legs of my girlfriend's mom.

"Oh, yes," I moaned.

Her silky hair tickled my cheeks, and then I pressed a kiss right at the heart's center, enjoying how its texture made my lips tingle.

I stroked her pussy lips with my thumbs. They were slick with arousal, allowing me to slip and slide along their edges.

Fuck, she was wet, and I wanted to taste some of that sweet honey.

I kissed her clit, then I circled her soft button with my tongue before heading further south and licking a path to her pussy hole. Not wanting to leave any of her juice behind, I swept my tongue up one side of her gash and down the other, greedily lapping up her liquid. Her delicious nectar collected on my tongue, elevating me to a state of euphoria. It elicited a sensation not unlike a sugar rush.

"That's right," she said. "Lick me clean."

She didn't have to tell me twice. I swiped my tongue up and down her crevice, covering every inch from her clit to her asshole.

That's when things got interesting. Jacquelyn's body arched as tight as a bow whenever I came close to her asshole. She'd moan a little louder and pull my hair harder, too. Her reaction was something I was very excited to investigate further.

I traced my tongue around Jacquelyn's asshole, dancing right at the edge. When the puckered skin was nice and wet, I pressed the tip of my middle finger against her hole and teased her there.

"I think it's time for you to join me in the tub," I told her.

I hooked an arm around her waist and pulled her into the water. She landed right where I wanted her—with her breasts slammed against my chest.

Her nipples were still as hard as diamonds. They poked at my skin, demanding my attention.

I cradled one of her breasts in my palm and caressed her beaded nipple with my thumb.

"Has anyone ever told you that you

have the most incredible tits?"

"Yes," she said with a laugh. "All the time. But I never get tired of hearing it."

I drew one nipple between my lips and suckled the swollen nub. Her back bowed when I flicked it with my tongue.

"Oh, yes," she moaned. "Just like that."

Pinching her other nipple between my thumb and forefinger made her moan again. I decided to double down and gave it a quick twist, too.

"Oh fuck," she gasped.

I gently grazed Jacquelyn's nipple with my teeth as I released her breast from my mouth, "You like that?"

"Yes," she hissed.

She wound her fingers through my hair and directed my head back to her breasts.

"Use your teeth again."

I drew in her other nipple and trapped it between my teeth, then I tapped out a beat on it with my tongue.

"Oh, fuck. Fuck!" she hissed in strained whisper, twisting her fingers in my hair. "I want your cock," she told me.

Jacquelyn reached in between our bodies and tugged open the tie on my trunks. Her hand skimmed beneath my waistband and traveled further down, landing on my erection. Her outstretched fingers rested on my shaft for a teasing moment.

"Let's get these out of the way," she said, pulling down my swimsuit.

Her fingers then curled around my cock, and she stroked her way from the base to the bell-shaped head. Her grip was firm, but she applied just the right amount of pressure. My balls were already tingling in anticipation of blowing my load.

"I love a thick, hard cock," she purred.

She rose above me in the water, and then she nestled my cock between her legs and guided me to her cunt.

Jacquelyn jammed herself down onto my spike, which easily pierced her sopping pussy. Fully taking charge, she wound her legs around my waist and locked her ankles behind me, digging her heels into my lower back as her snatch totally swallowed my shaft.

She reached behind me, backing me up against the side of the tub and slamming her hands against its edge on either side of me.

"Finger my ass again, baby," she begged.

"With pleasure," I replied.

My hands swooped around Jacquelyn's voluptuous cheeks, and I dipped my digit into her asshole.

Fingering Jacquelyn's butt made her pussy so fucking tight. When I wiggled my finger, she really went wild. Her muscles twitched, clasping both my finger and my cock.

Jacquelyn planted her feet on the floor of the tub and bounced up and down, riding me at a furious pace as both of her holes were reamed at once. She brought her hands to my shoulders, leaning on me for leverage. Every time I hit her sweet spot, her fingers curled and her nails scraped my skin as she sighed loudly.

> **"All I cared about was the woman whose pussy was pulsing around my cock."**

"Yes! Yes!" she hissed.

We were fucking so hard that the hot tub turned into a wave pool. Water sloshed all around us. It spilled over the sides and onto the ground.

Jacquelyn's breasts bobbed just beneath the water's surface. When I thrust my hips hard enough, they rose above the water and came down with a splash, jiggling in the most satisfying way.

Unable to help myself, I reached out and scooped her tit into my palm again. I rolled her nipple between my thumb and finger and gave it a squeeze.

"Come, Jacquelyn. Come for me."

Grabbing hold of her ass, I pulled Jacquelyn's body as close to mine as I could get, then I reared up and pounded her pussy like a fucking jackhammer.

There was no holding back. I rocked my hips so hard my balls slapped against her ass. Being in the water seemed to slow the moment down.

"God, you feel good," I grunted as I jammed my dick up into her with a particularly energetic thrust.

"Oh, Cole," she moaned. "Don't stop!"

Of course, I didn't stop. Fucking Jacquelyn was such a rush. I drove my dick deep inside her over and over again, meeting her thrust for thrust. Adrenaline surged through my veins, making my whole body buzz.

Jacquelyn's nails bit into my skin. She was so close to climaxing I could practically taste it. Her pussy clasped my cock even tighter, urging me toward my own release.

"That's it, baby. Give it to me."

All it took were two more thrusts.

"Yes! Yes!" she encouraged.

When Jacquelyn came, she moaned more loudly than she'd allowed herself earlier. Maybe I should have worried Jill would hear us, but in that moment, all I cared about was the woman whose pussy was pulsing around my cock.

Then it was my turn. The delicate rippling sensation of Jacquelyn's inner muscles rolling over my cock pushed me right over the edge. My own orgasm rumbled through me, ripping me out of reality.

When I opened my eyes, Jacquelyn was already climbing out of the hot tub. She bent to retrieve her towel and wrapped it around her dripping body on her way back to the house. When she reached the sliding door, she stopped and looked over her shoulder at me to ask, "Same time tomorrow night?"

"I'll be here."

She nodded and disappeared into the house. I gave her a few minutes headway before going in myself to crawl into bed next to my clueless, sleeping girlfriend.

—C.V., Savannah, Ga.

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen at anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've taken the leap, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse Letters, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

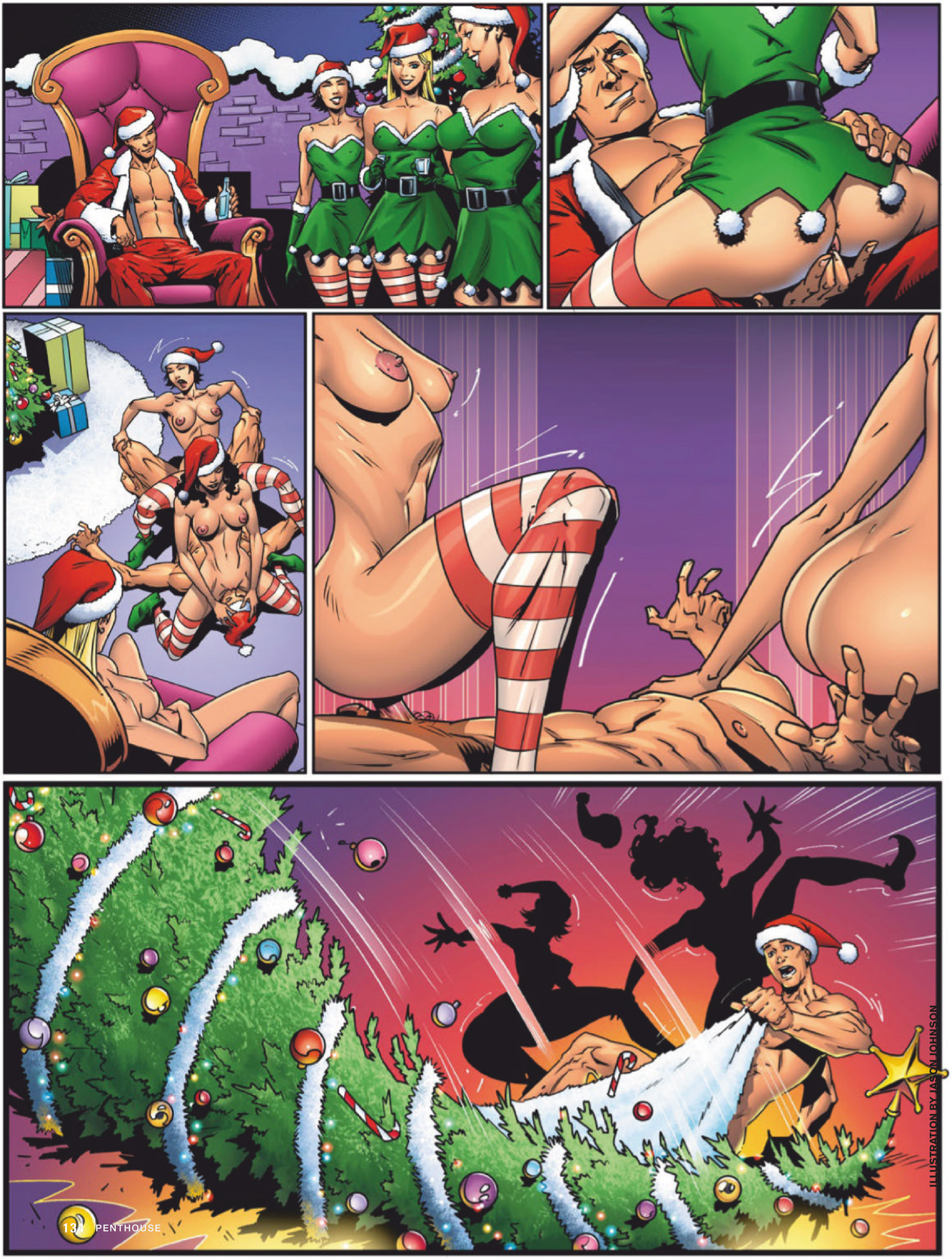

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

HO, HO, HO

Christmas was never a big deal in my family, so I wasn't surprised when my parents told me to stay on campus over the holiday break because they'd be off cruising the Greek Isles. So I decided to make some extra cash and got a gig as a shopping mall Santa.

The best part of the job was eye-fucking the sexy "elves" who were assigned to help me—Samantha, Becki and Taffy, who somehow managed to look smokin' even in their goofy costumes. Sure, those short green dresses with their zigzag hems and shoes with their turned-up toes were silly, but the girls' candy cane-striped thigh-high stockings—which were not mall-issued, by the way—added the perfect amount of spice.

I wanted to add at least one of them to my personal naughty list. But I had a hard time figuring out which one wanted to sit on my lap and ride my North Pole—because they each flirted up a storm with me.

The three girls were like me, college kids and holiday "orphans" who had no place to go come Christmas Eve. As the mall locked up for the night, we kicked back with a bottle of peppermint schnapps in Santa's Village, which consisted of lots of cotton-topped Styrofoam walls and props.

We were in a dead end, separated from the rest of the mall by a security gate. The village also had its own exit to the street, so our guard buddies left us alone after we promised we'd lock our door on the way out.

I'd ditched the fake pot belly and beard, but kept on my red velveteen duds as I kicked back in St. Nick's oversized chair. But after a few rounds of shots, my elves exchanged wicked looks. Buxom Becki clambered into my lap, straddling my hips. As we locked lips, my hands wandered beneath the blonde beauty's short dress, and I was shocked to discover she wasn't wearing panties.

"Someone's been very naughty," I said, smacking her ass. Becki squealed and her body jerked, jostling the tiny bells on her shoes. I kept kissing her and fingering her clit until she came with a shout—and lots of jingling.

Blushing Becki slid off my lap and nodded toward her friends as she said, "I think they wanna play with you, Santa."

Samantha and Taffy, two smoldering brunettes, were sitting on the floor, leaning against some fake oversized gift boxes. Their dresses were bunched around their waists and their stocking-clad legs were spread wide. My industrious little elves had their eyes locked on me as they stroked their pussies.

I rose from my chair, kicking off my boots and dropping my pants to free my rock-hard cock.

Samantha and Taffy whipped off their dresses, leaving them in nothing but their striped thigh-highs and elf shoes. I lay down near a white, glitter-strewn carpet that was spread beneath a lavishly decorated 10-foot tree.

"I call first dibs on Santa's dick!" shouted Samantha, who quickly mounted my erection.

"Fine," said Taffy in a slightly bratty voice.

"Come sit on my face, little girl," I told Taffy. "I think I can make your Christmas wish come true."

Taffy laughed, and just before she planted her pussy on my kisser, I caught sight of Becki, who'd plopped herself in Santa's chair and was fingering herself as she watched the action.

I couldn't believe it. With barely any effort on my part, I found myself smack in the middle of a threeway with two gorgeous girls, while another sat nearby getting herself off.

Samantha bounced wildly on my rod, her slick snatch massaging my cock as she fucked me like a madwoman. Hoping I wouldn't come too soon, I tried to focus on flicking my tongue over Taffy's swollen clit and hairless slit; her pussy juice smeared all over my lips and chin as she shamelessly ground herself against my face.

The girls were using me like I was their own personal fucktoy. It was the hottest thing I'd ever experienced, and I was quickly losing control. I bucked my hips, meeting each of Samantha's downward plunges, and worked over Taffy's cunt to the point that my tongue and jaw were aching. I began to thrash wildly, and my hands were searching for something to hold on to. I was grabbing at anything and everything within my reach.

I don't know exactly what I yanked. Maybe it was the carpet? But before any of the three of us got off, there was a loud crash as the tree—and all of its very breakable ornaments—hit the floor.

That kind of put a damper on the festivities—and guaranteed that the four of us needed new jobs next December.

—P.D., via email

FLASHBACK

HATS OFF TO THE PET OF THE YEAR

OCTOBER 1973

PATRICIA BARRETT

PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGA… MEN
OCTOBER 1973 ONE DOLLAR
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Advertising offices: Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355. Tel. 310-280-1900.
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PRINTED IN CANADA
Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882.

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